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THE GUIDING STAR.

Bright was the guiding star that led,
With mild benignant ray,
The Gentiles to the lowly shed
Where the Redeemer lay.

THE

CHILD'S HYMN BOOK,

LIBRARY OF PRINCETON THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

SELECTED

BY F. M. CAULKINS,

FOR THE

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THE

CHILD'S HYMN BOOK.

1. *Children's Hosannas.*

What are those soul-reviving strains
Which echo thus from Salem's plains?
What anthems loud and louder still
So sweetly sound from Zion's hill?

Lo! 'tis a youthful chorus sings
Hosanna to the King of kings:
The Savior comes! to him be given
All praise on earth, and praise in heaven.

Pratt's Coll.

2. *Children assembling to praise.*

We come, we come, with loud acclaim,
To sing the praise of Jesus' name,
And make the vaulted temple ring
With loud hosannas to our King.

With joyful heart and smiling face
We gather round the throne of grace,
And lowly bend to offer there,
From infant lips, our humble prayer,
To Him who slept on Mary's knee,
A gentle child, as young as we.
We come, we come, the song to swell,
To Him who loved our world so well,
That, stooping from his Father's throne,
He died to claim it as his own.
With joy we haste the aisles to fill,
Yet youthful bands are gathering still;
O thus may we, in heaven above,
Unite in praises and in love;
And still the angels fill their home
With joyful cries—"They come, they come."

3. *Child's Song of Praise.*

How glorious is our heavenly King,
Who reigns above the sky!
How shall a child presume to sing
His dreadful Majesty?

How great his power is, none can tell,
Nor think how large his grace;
Not men below, nor saints who dwell
On high before his face.

Nor angels, who stand round the Lord,
Can search his secret will;
But they perform his heavenly word,
And sing his praises still.

Then let me join this holy train,
And my first off'rings bring:
Th' eternal God will not disdain
To hear an infant sing.

My heart resolves, my tongue obeys,
And angels will rejoice
To hear their mighty Maker's praise
Sound from a feeble voice. Watts.

4. *Children to the Savior.*

Jesus, Lord of life and glory,
Friend of children, hear our lays;
Humbly would our souls adore thee,
Sing thy name in hymns of praise.

We are debtors to thy kindness,
God of grace and boundless love;
Thousands wander on in blindness,
Strangers to the light above.

But 'tis ours to read the pages
Whence the rays of glory flow;
And, through everlasting ages,
We aspire its bliss to know.

Jesus, on thine arm relying,
We would tread this earthly vale;
Be our life when we are dying,
Be our strength when life shall fail.

5. *God's Greatness.*

O Lord our God, how wondrous great
Is thine exalted name!
The glories of thy heavenly state
Let old and young proclaim.

When I behold thy works on high,
The moon that rules the night,
And stars that well adorn the sky,
Those moving worlds of light;—

Lord, what is man, or all his race,
That dwells so far below,
That thou shouldst visit him with grace,
And raise his nature so!

Jesus our Lord, how wondrous great
Is thine exalted name!
The glories of thy heavenly state
Let all the earth proclaim. Watts.

6. *First Love.*

How happy are they
Who the Savior obey,
And have laid up their treasures above;
Oh! what tongue can express
The sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul in its earliest love.

'Tis heaven below,
My Redeemer to know;
And the angels could do nothing more
Than to fall at his feet
And the story repeat,
And the Lover of sinners adore.

Yes, all the day long
Is my Jesus my song,
And Redemption through faith in his name:
O that all might believe,
And salvation receive,
And their song and their joy be the same.

Village Hymns

7. *Praise for Creation and Providence*

I sing the mighty power of God,
That made the mountains rise;
That spread the flowing seas abroad,
And built the lofty skies.

I sing the wisdom that ordain'd
The sun to rule the day;
The moon shines full at his command,
And all the stars obey.

I sing the goodness of the Lord,
That fill'd the earth with food;
He form'd the creatures with his word.
And then pronounc'd them good.

In heaven he shines with beams of love,
With wrath in hell beneath;
'Tis on his earth I stand or move,
And 'tis his air I breathe.

His hand is my perpetual guard,
He keeps me with his eye:
Why should I then forget the Lord,
Who is for ever nigh? Watts.

8. *Praise the Lord.*

Once more, O Lord, we bring
The tribute of our songs;
'Tis pleasant, Lord, thy praise to sing—
For praise to thee belongs.

Ten thousand different flowers
To thee sweet offerings bear·
And cheerful birds, in shady bowers,
Sing forth thy tender care.

The fields on every side,
The trees on every hill,
The glorious sun, the rolling tide,
Proclaim thy wondrous skill.

But trees, and fields, and skies
  Still praise a God unknown;
For gratitude and love can rise
  From living hearts alone.

These living hearts of ours
  Thy holy name would bless;
The blossom of ten thousand flowers
  Would please the Savior less.

Though earth itself decays,
  Our souls can never die;
O, tune them all to sing thy praise
  In better worlds on high.

9. *A Life of Praise.*

Yes, I will bless thee, O my God!
  Through all my mortal days,
And to eternity prolong
  Thy vast, thy boundless praise.

Nor shall my tongue alone proclaim
  The honors of my God!
My life with all its active powers
  Shall spread thy praise abroad.

Heginbotham.

10. *Uniting with Hosts above.*

Sing we the song of those who stand
Around th' eternal throne,
Of every kindred, clime and land,
A multitude unknown.

"Worthy the Lamb for sinners slain,"
Cry the redeem'd above,
"Blessing and honor to obtain,
"And everlasting love."

"Worthy the Lamb," on earth we sing,
"Who died our souls to save:
"Henceforth, O death! where is thy sting?
"Thy victory, O grave!" Montgomery.

11. *Song of the Temple.*

Once was heard the song of children
By the Savior when on earth,
Joyful in the sacred temple
Shouts of youthful praise had birth;
And hosannas
Loud, to David's Son broke forth.

Palms of victory strewn around him,
Garments spread beneath his feet;
Prophet of the Lord they crown'd him,
In fair Salem's crowded street;
While hosannas
Children sung in accents sweet.

Blessed Savior, now triumphant,
Glorified and throned on high,
Mortal lays, from man and infant,
With the songs of angels vie,
And hosannas
Swell the chorus of the sky.

God o'er all, in glory reigning,
We this day thy praises sing;
Not with palms thy pathway strewing,
We would loftier tribute bring;
Glad hosannas
To our Prophet, Priest and King.

12. *God is ever good.*

See the shining dew-drops
On the flowers strew'd,
Proving, as they sparkle,
God is ever good.

See the morning sun-beams
Lighting up the wood,
Silently proclaiming
God is ever good.

Hear the mountain streamlet
In the solitude,
With its ripple saying
God is ever good.

In the leafy tree-tops,
Where no fears intrude,
Merry birds are singing
God is ever good.

Bring, my heart, thy tribute,
Songs of gratitude,
While all nature utters,
God is ever good. Juv. Sing. Sch.

13. *The Storm.*

How fierce the lightning blazes!
I hear the thunder roar;
Hark, how the wind arises,
While clouds their waters pour!

But in the Lord confiding,
We think of no alarm,
For He himself is riding
Upon the angry storm.

The lightnings are his arrows,
The thunders are his voice;
Yet e'en the feeblest sparrows
May safe in him rejoice.
The clouds and winds and waters
Obey his sovereign word:
Let Zion's sons and daughters
Adore th' Almighty Lord.

When lightnings red are streaking,
A Father's arm is bared;
When thunders loud are speaking,
A Father's voice is heard.
The foes that flee before him
Will never feel his grace;
But children who adore him,
Shall see his smiling face.

Nursery Songs.

14. *Instruction from the Heavens.*

Stars that, on your wondrous way,
Travel through the evening sky,
Is there nothing you can say
To a child as young as I?
Tell me, for I want to know
Who has made you sparkle so?

Yes, methinks I hear you say,
"Child of mortal race, attend,
While we run our wondrous way;
Listen—we would be your friend,
Teaching you that name divine,
By whose mighty word we shine.

Child, as truly as we roll
Through the dark and distant sky,
You have an immortal soul,
Born to live when we shall die:
Sun and planets pass away—
Spirits never can decay.

When some thousand years, at most,
All their little time have spent,
One by one our sparkling host
Shall forsake the firmament:

We shall from our glory fall—
You must live beyond us all.

Yes—and God, who made us roll—
God, who hung us in the sky,
Stoops to watch an infant's soul,
With a condescending eye;
And esteems it dearer far,
More in value than a star!

O, then, while your breath is given,
Pour it out in fervent prayer,
And beseech the God of heaven
To receive your spirit there:
Like a living star to blaze
Ever to your Savior's praise."

Hyms for Infant Minds

15. *Morning.*

Now night is gone,
And golden morn
In eastern skies is breaking,
And vale and wood,
And field and flood,
To songs of praise are waking.

How far away
To greet the day
The lark is gayly singing;
On spangled green
The lambs are seen
O'er flowery meadows springing.
The woodlands round
With songs resound,
Each smiling plain rejoices;
And murmuring rills
Among the hills
Praise God with thousand voices.
May He, whose power
Each morning hour
With thousand tongues is praising,
Grant us to prove
Our grateful love,
Each heart glad incense raising.

Juv. Sing. Sch.

16. *God the Creator.*

Eternal wisdom, thee we praise;
Thee the creation sings;
With thy loved name, rocks, hills and seas,
And heaven's high palace rings.

Thy hand, how wide it spreads the sky!
How glorious to behold!
Tinged with a blue of heavenly dye,
And starred with sparkling gold.

Thy glories blaze all nature round,
And strike the gazing sight,
Through skies, and seas, and solid ground,
With terror and delight.

But still the wonders of thy grace
Our softer passions move;
Pity divine in Jesus' face
We see, adore, and love. Watts.

17. *The Seasons.*

How pleasing is the voice
Of God, our heavenly King,
Who bids the frosts retire,
And wakes the lovely spring!
Bright suns arise,
The mild wind blows,
And beauty glows
Through earth and skies.

The morn, with glory crown'd,
His hand arrays in smiles:
He bids the eve decline,
Rejoicing o'er the hills:
The evening breeze
His breath perfumes:
His beauty blooms
In flowers and trees.

With life he clothes the spring,
The earth with summer warms:
He spreads th' autumnal feast,
And rides on wintry storms:
His gifts divine
Through all appear;
And round the year
His glories shine. Dwight.

18. *Praise for Redemption.*

Glory to God on high,
Let peace on earth abound;
Ye angels, shout through all the sky,
And men repeat the sound.

Jesus appeared on earth,
Not as a prince or king;
He came a child of heavenly birth,
Good will and peace to bring.

The young received his love,
His blessing and his care,
And still, though now he reigns above,
His tenderest love they share.

May we this day begin
To love the ways of truth;
To shun the slippery paths of sin,
And walk with God in youth.

And when before his throne
Assembled myriads meet,
O may we all in worship join,
At our Redeemer's feet.

19. *The Walk.*

I'll go to the fields for some flowers,
The fields are so lovely and gay;
How sweet are they after the showers,
I could play in them all the long day.

But who made these lofty green trees?
And who made these beautiful flowers?
Who sweetens with roses the breeze?
Who makes them all fresh with the showers?

'Twas my heavenly Father above,
Who made every thing that I see,
And who, with compassion and love,
Regards little children like me. Little Hymn Book.

20. *Creation praises God.*

My heavenly Father! all I see
Around me and above,
Sends forth a hymn of praise to thee,
And speaks thy boundless love.

The clear blue sky is full of thee;
The woods, so dark and lone,
The soft south wind, the sounding sea,
Worship the Holy One.

The humming of the insect throngs,
The prattling, sparkling rill,
The birds, with their melodious songs,
Repeat thy praises still.

21. *Birth of Christ.*

Hark, the herald angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King!
"Peace on earth and mercy mild,
"God and sinners reconciled."

Mild, he lays his glory by;
Born, that men no more might die;
Born, to raise the sons of earth;
Born, to give them second birth.

Glory to the new-born King!
Let us all the anthem sing,—
"Peace on earth and mercy mild,
"God and sinners reconciled."

Rippon's Col.

22. *God the Creator.*

The Lord our God is Lord of all;
His station who can find?
I hear him in the waterfall;
I hear him in the wind.

If in the gloom of night I shroud,
His face I cannot fly;
I see him in the evening cloud
And in the morning sky.

He smiles, we live; he frowns, we die:
We hang upon his word;
He rears his mighty arm on high,
We fall before his sword.

He bids his gales the fields deform;
Then, when his thunders cease.
He paints the rainbow on the storm,
And lulls the winds to peace.

H. K. White

23. *Christ the Children's Friend.*

Thou Guardian of our youthful days,
To thee our pray'rs ascend:
To thee we'll tune our songs of praise;
Thou art "the Children's Friend."

From thee our daily mercies flow,
Our life and health descend:
O save our souls from sin and wo,
Jesus, "the Children's Friend."

Teach us to prize thy holy word,
And to its truths attend;
Thus shall we learn to fear the Lord,
And love "the Children's Friend."

Lord, draw our youthful hearts to thee,
From ev'ry ill defend;
Help us in early life to flee
To thee, "the Children's Friend."

Oh may we taste of Jesus' love,
To him our souls commend;
For Jesus left the realms above,
To be "the Children's Friend."

Let all our hopes be fix'd on high,
And when our lives shall end,
Then may we live above the sky,
With thee, "the Children's Friend."

24. *Praise to God for our Redemption.*

Blest be the wisdom and the power,
The justice and the grace,
That join'd in council to restore
And save our ruin'd race.

Our father ate forbidden fruit,
And from his glory fell;
And we, his children, thus were brought
To death, and near to hell.

Blest be the Lord, that sent his Son
To take our flesh and blood;
He for our lives gave up his own,
To make our peace with God.

He honor'd all his Father's laws,
Which we have disobeyed;
He bore our sins upon the cross,
And our full ransom paid.

Behold him rising from the grave,
Behold him raised on high:
He pleads his merits there to save
Transgressors doom'd to die.

There on a glorious throne he reigns,
And, by his power divine,
Redeems us from the slavish chains
Of Satan and of sin. Watts.

25. *Song of Angels.*

Happy angels! still you dwell
In yon worlds of glory,
And in joyous anthems swell
Love's redeeming story.

Shining multitudes, ye came
Our Redeemer to proclaim:
Still your song is just the same;
Glory, glory, glory!

Angels, sing again with man,
Swell our strain of glory;
Shout with us the wondrous plan,
Love's Redeeming story;
Soon our stay on earth shall fail,
Soon shall drop the mortal vail,
Then in strains like yours we'll hail,
Glory, glory, glory.

26. *Christ for our sake became poor.*

Christ is merciful and mild;
He was once a little child;
He whom heavenly hosts adore
Lived on earth among the poor.

Then he laid his glory by
When for us he came to die:
How I wonder when I see
His unbounded love for me.

Through his life on earth I see
Lowliness and poverty;
O how mean was his abode,
Though he was the mighty God!
Yet through all his actions ran
Love to poor and sinful man:
He the sick to health restored;
To the poor he preached the word.
Children in his arms he pressed,
Kindly took them to his breast;
They, said he, shall share my bliss,
For of such my kingdom is.

27. *What is man, that thou art mindful of him?*

Child of the earth! O lift thy glance
To yon bright firmament's expanse;
Count o'er those lamps of quenchless light,
That sparkle through the shades of night.
What then art *thou*, O child of clay;
Amid creation's grandeur, say?
E'en as an insect on the breeze,
E'en as a dew-drop lost in seas!

Yet fear thou not!—the sovereign hand
Which spread the ocean and the land,
And hung the rolling spheres in air,
Hath e'en for thee a father's care.

Mrs. Hemans.

28. *Invitation to praise.*

Come, children, let us Jesus praise,
His holy name adore;
O let us love him all our days,
And praise him evermore.

'Twas Jesus who, the Lord of all,
For us became so poor;
'Twas Jesus raised us from the fall,—
O praise him evermore.

'Twas Jesus who did bleed and die
When all our sins he bore;
'Tis Jesus pleads for us on high,—
O praise him evermore.

'Tis Jesus, to prepare a place
For us, is gone before;
'Tis Jesus bids us seek his face,—
O praise him evermore.

'Tis Jesus then, while life shall last,
We'll worship and adore;
'Tis Jesus too, when life is past,
We'll praise for evermore.

29. *Jesus the Guide.*

Jesus, guide of young beginners,
Let a child approach to thee,
Thee, who cam'st to ransom sinners,
Thee, who diedst to ransom me.

Into thy protection take me,
Full of goodness as thou art:
After thine own image make me,
Make me after thine own heart.

Exercise the potter's power
Over this unshapen clay;
Call me in the morning hour,
Teach my youthful mind thy way.

With a tender awe inspire,
That I never more may rove;
Every spark of good desire
Raise into a flame of love.

30. *Looking to Jesus.*

Jesus, is sickness and in pain,
Be near to succor me,
My sinking spirit still sustain;
To thee I turn, to thee.

When cares and sorrows thicken round,
And nothing bright I see,
In thee alone can help be found;
To thee I turn, to thee.

Should strong temptations fierce assail,
As if to ruin me,
Then in thy strength will I prevail,
While still I turn to thee.

When past transgressions fearful rise
Before my memory,
I'll plead thy perfect sacrifice,
And turn to thee, to thee.

Through all my pilgrimage below,
Whate'er my lot may be,
In joy or sadness, weal or wo,
Jesus, I'll turn to thee. T. H. Gallaudet.

31. *Heaven.*

There is a glorious world of light
Above the starry sky,
Where saints departed, clothed in white,
Adore the Lord most high.

And hark! amid the sacred songs
Those heavenly voices raise,
Ten thousand thousand infant tongues
Unite and sing his praise.

These are the hymns that we shall know,
If Jesus we obey;
This is the place where we shall go,
If found in wisdom's way.

Hymns for Infant Minds.

32. *The Hosannah.*

Glory to the Father give,
God in whom we move and live;
Children's prayers he deigns to hear,
Children's songs delight his ear.

Glory to the Son we bring,
Christ our Prophet, Priest and King:
Children, raise your sweetest strain
To the Lamb, for he was slain.

Glory to the Holy Ghost,
He reclaims the sinner lost:
Children's minds may he inspire,
Touch their tongues with holy fire.

Glory in the highest be
To the blessed Trinity,
For the Gospel from above,
For the word that "God is love."

Montgomery

33. *Praise to the Giver of good.*

O give thanks to Him who made
Morning light and evening shade;
Source and giver of all good,
Nightly sleep and daily food;
Quickener of our wearied powers,
Guard of our unconscious hours.

O give thanks to nature's King,
Who made every breathing thing;
His our warm and sentient frame,
His the mind's immortal flame.
O how close the ties that bind
Spirits to the eternal mind!

O give thanks for him who came
In a mortal suffering frame,
Temple of the Deity—
Came to bear our souls on high;
In the path himself hath trod,
Leading back his saints to God. Conder.

34. *Jesus.*

A Light, our darken'd steps to guide;
A Refuge, where from storms we hide;
A Hope, to cheer us midst our gloom;
A Portion, for the world to come.

A Strength, to stay the fainting soul;
A Balm, to make the sin-sick whole;
A Song, to cheer in death's dark vale;
Victor, when earth and nature fail.

All this, and more, will Jesus be
To every soul that bends the knee,
That bears the cross, that runs the road,
In truth and love, that leads to God.

Then bear that cross in morning's dawn,
'Twill cheer thy soul when morning's gone
Bear thou that cross in meekness here,
Pledge of a crown in glory there.

35. *The Surrender.*

Welcome, welcome, dear Redeemer,
Welcome to this heart of mine:
Lord, I make a full surrender,
Every power and thought be thine,
Thine entirely,
Through eternal ages thine.

Known to all to be thy mansion,
Earth and hell will disappear;
Or in vain attempt possession
When they find the Lord is near:
Shout, O Zion!
Shout, ye saints, the Lord is here!

Evang. Mag.

36. *The Guiding Star.*

Bright was the guiding star that led,
With mild benignant ray,
The Gentiles to the lowly shed
Where the Redeemer lay.

But lo! a brighter, clearer light,
Now points to his abode;
It shines through sin and sorrow's night,
To guide us to our Lord.

O gladly tread the narrow path
While light and grace are given:
Who meekly follow Christ on earth,
Shall reign with him in heaven.

Spirit of the Psalms

37. *The Heavenly Journey.*

Children of the heavenly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing;
Sing your Savior's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

Ye are travelling home to God
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now, and ye
Soon their happiness shall see.

Shout, ye little flock and blest,
You near Jesus' throne shall rest;
There your seats are now prepared,
There your kingdom and reward.

Lord! submissive make us go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee. Cennick.

38. *Children invited to Christ.*

Children, hear the melting story
Of the Lamb that once was slain;
'Tis the Lord of life and glory:
Shall he plead with you in vain?
O receive him,
And salvation now obtain.

Yield no more to sin and folly,
So displeasing in his sight;
Jesus loves the pure and holy,
They alone are his delight;
Seek his favor,
And your hearts to him unite.

All your sins to him confessing
Who is ready to forgive;
Seek the Savior's richest blessing,
On his precious name believe;
He is waiting,
Will you not his grace receive?

39. *Crucifixion of Christ.*

Lo, at noon 'tis sudden night.
Darkness covers all the sky!
Rocks are rending at the sight!
Children, can you tell me why?
What can all these wonders be?
Jesus dies on Calvary.

Stretch'd upon the cross, behold
How his tender limbs are torn!
For a royal crown of gold,
They have made him one of thorn!
Cruel hands, that dare to bind
Thorns upon a brow so kind.

See! the blood is falling fast
From his forehead and his side!
Listen! he has breath'd his last!
With a mighty groan he died!
Children, can you tell me why
Jesus condescends to die?

He, who was a King above,
Left his kingdom for a grave,
Out of pity and of love,
That the guilty he might save:

Down to this sad world he flew
For such little ones as you.

You were wretched, weak, and vile;
You deserv'd his holy frown;
But he saw you with a smile,
And, to save you, hasten'd down:
Listen, children, this is why
Jesus condescends to die.

Come then, children, come and see!
Lift your little hands to pray;
"Blessed Jesus, pardon me,
"Help a guilty infant," say;
"Since it was for such as I
"Thou didst condescend to die."

Hymns for Infant Minds

40. "*Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth.*'

While in the tender years of youth,
In nature's smiling bloom,
Ere age arrive and trembling wait
Its summons to the tomb,

Remember thy Creator, God;
For him thy powers employ;
Make him thy fear, thy love, thy hope,
Thy confidence, thy joy.

He shall defend and guide thy course
Through life's uncertain sea,
Till thou art landed on the shore
Of blest eternity.

Then seek the Lord betimes, and choose
The path of heavenly truth;
The earth affords no lovelier sight
Than a religious youth. Gibbons.

41. *The Same.*

In life's gay morn, when sprightly youth
With vital ardor glows,
And shines in all the fairest charms
Which beauty can disclose;

Deep on thy soul, before its powers
Are yet by vice enslaved,
Be thy Creator's glorious name
And character engraved.

For soon the shades of grief shall cloud
The sunshine of thy days,
And cares and toils, in endless round,
Encompass all thy ways.

Soon shall thy heart the woes of age
In mournful groans deplore,
And sadly muse on former joys,
That now return no more.

Scotch Paraphrase.

42. *Religion.*

'Tis religion that can give
Sweetest pleasure while we live;
'Tis religion must supply
Solid comfort when we die.

After death its joys will be
Lasting as eternity!
Be the living God our friend,
Then our bliss shall never end.

Mrs. Masters.

43. *Advantages of Early Religion.*

Happy the child whose tender years
Receive instruction well;
Who hates the sinner's path, and fears
The road that leads to hell.

When we devote our youth to God,
'Tis pleasing in his eyes;
A flower, when offered in the bud,
Is no vain sacrifice.

To thee, Almighty God, to thee
Our childhood we resign;
'Twill please us to look back and see
That our whole lives were thine.

Let the sweet work of prayer and praise
Employ my youngest breath:
Then I'm prepared for longer days,
Or fit for early death. Watts.

44. *Young Persons entreated.*

Grace is a plant, where'er it grows,
Of pure and heav'nly root;
But fairest in the youngest shows,
And yields the sweetest fruit.

Ye careless ones, O hear betimes
The voice of sovereign love!
Your youth is stain'd with many crimes,
But mercy reigns above.

True, you are young, but there's a stone
Within the youngest breast,
Or half the crimes which you have done
Would rob you of your rest.

For you the public prayer is made,—
Oh, join the public prayer!
For you the secret tear is shed,—
O shed yourselves a tear!

We pray that you may early prove
The Spirit's power to teach;
You cannot be too young to love
That Jesus whom we preach. Cowper.

45. *Importance of Religion.*

Religion is the chief concern
Of mortals here below;
May we its great importance learn,
Its sov'reign virtue know.

More needful this than glittering wealth,
Or all the world bestows:
Not reputation, food, nor health,
Can give us such repose.

Religion should our thoughts engage
Amidst our youthful bloom;
'Twill fit us for declining age,
And for the awful tomb. Fawcett.

46. *The Friend.*

One there is, above all others,
Well deserves the name of Friend;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end.

Which of all our friends, to save us,
Could or would have shed his blood?
But this Savior died to have us
Reconciled in him to God.

When he lived on earth abased,
Friend of sinners was his name;
Now, above all glory raised,
He rejoices in the same.

Oh! for grace our hearts to soften,
Teach us, Lord, at length to love;
We, alas! forget too often
What a Friend we have above. Newton.

47. *Youth Invited to Christ.*

Ye hearts with youthful vigor warm,
In smiling crowds draw near,
And turn from every mortal charm,
A Savior's voice to hear.

He, Lord of all the worlds on high,
Stoops to converse with you;
And lays his radiant glories by,
Your welfare to pursue.

"The soul that longs to see my face,
"Is sure my love to gain;
"And those who early seek my grace,
"Shall never seek in vain."

What object, Lord, my soul should move,
If once compar'd with thee?
What beauty should command my love,
Like what in Christ I see?

Away, ye false, delusive toys,
Vain tempters of the mind!
'Tis here I fix my lasting choice,
For here true bliss I find. Doddridge.

48. *Children Exhorted.*

Children, listen to the Lord,
And obey his gracious word;
Seek his face with heart and mind:
Early seek, and you shall find.

Sorrowful, your sins confess,
Plead his perfect righteousness;
See the Savior's bleeding side:
Come—you will not be denied.

For his worship now prepare;
Kneel to him in fervent prayer;
Serve him with a perfect heart:
Never from his ways depart.

49. *Invitation.*

Come to Jesus, come away,
Heard I not the Spirit say?
Come, and all the sweetness prove
Of the Savior's pardoning love;
Come, and wonder, love, adore,
In his presence evermore.

Come to Jesus, come away,
Leave the world without delay:
Jesus bore reproach and shame
You to honor with his name;
Jesus plunged into a sea
Of the deepest wrath for thee.

Come to Jesus, come away,
With the Lord for ever stay.
See the indignation past,
See thy heaven in view at last;
Storms may rage and billows roar,
Now thy treasure's safe ashore.

Altered from Occom's Hymns.

50. *Why will ye die?*

Let the beasts their breath resign,
Strangers to the life divine;
Who their God can never know,
Let their spirits downward go.

You for higher ends were born,
You may all to God return,
Dwell with him above the sky,—
Why will ye for ever die?

What could your Redeemer do
More than he hath done for you?
To procure your peace with God,
Could he more than shed his blood?

After all his flowing love,
All his influence from above,
Why will ye your Lord deny?
Why will ye for ever die? Wesley's Col.

51. *The Glad Tidings.*

From the regions of love, lo! an angel descended,
And told the strange news how the babe was attended:
Go, shepherds, and visit this wonderful stranger,—
See yonder bright star—it will lead to the manger.

CHORUS.

Hallelujah to the Lamb who has purchased our pardon,
We will praise him again when we pass over Jordan.

Glad tidings I bring unto you and each nation,
Glad tidings of joy—now behold your salvation!
Then suddenly multitudes raise their glad voices,
And shout the Redeemer, while heaven rejoices.

Now glory to God in the highest be given,
Now glory to God is re-echoed through heaven;
Around the whole earth let us tell the glad story,
And sing of his love, salvation and glory.

Camp-meeting Hymn Book.

52. *Come, Children, Come.*

Come, children, come!
God bids you come;
Come and learn to sing the story
Of the Lord of life and glory:
Come, children, come!

Come, children, come!
Christ bids you come;
Early seek his face and favor,
Love and serve your blessed Savior:
Come, children, come!

Come, children, come!
The Spirit says, come;
Come, with Zion's sons and daughters,
To the spring of living waters:
Come, children, come!

Come, children, come!
Make heaven your home;
Then, though earthly ties may sever,
You may live with Christ for ever:
Come, children, come! Mrs. Brown.

53. *"I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me."*

They say this world's a vale of tears,
Although so pleasant it appears;
That all on earth
Is little worth,
And cannot make us blest—
That pleasures fly
Friends droop and die,
And sickness breaks our rest.

So let them say, for well I know,
From God the sweetest pleasures flow
And he could be
A friend to me,
Should all besides depart:
In sickness soothe,
My pillow smooth,
And cheer my fainting heart.

While through this world my footsteps stray,
This blessed God shall be my stay,
My manna sweet,
My shade from heat,
My light in deepest gloom·

His love shall flow
Where'er I go,
Until I reach the tomb. Line upon Line

54. *The Narrow Path.*

There is a path that leads to God,
All others go astray;
Narrow, but pleasant is the road,
And christians love the way.

It leads us through a world of sin,
Where dangers must be past;
But all who boldly walk therein,
Will rest in heaven at last.

How shall a youthful pilgrim dare
This narrow path to tread?
Do I not need a Shepherd's care,
To be securely led?

Lord, lest my feeble steps should slide,
Or wander from the way,
Be thou my Guardian and my Guide,
And I shall never stray.

Hymns for Infant Minds.

55. *"We all do fade as a leaf."*

See the leaves around us falling,
Dry and wither'd, to the ground;
Thus to thoughtless mortals calling,
In a sad and solemn sound:

"Youth, on length of days presuming,
"Who the paths of pleasure tread!
"View us, late in beauty blooming,
"Number'd now among the dead:

"Though as yet no losses grieve you,
"Gay with health and many a grace,
"Let not cloudless skies deceive you,
"Summer gives to autumn place.

"Yearly in our course returning,
"Messengers of shortest stay,
"We proclaim the solemn warning,
"'Heaven and earth shall pass away.'"

On the tree of life eternal
O let all our hopes be laid;
This alone, for ever vernal,
Bears a leaf that shall not fade. Home.

56. *Early Piety.*

By cool Siloam's shady rill
How sweet the lily grows;
How sweet the breath, beneath the hill,
Of Sharon's dewy rose.

And such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod;
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.

By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill,
Must shortly fade away.

And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age,
May shake the soul with sorrow's power
And stormy passion's rage.

O Thou, whose infancy was found
With heavenly rays to shine,
Whose years, with changeless virtue crown'd
Were all alike divine;—

Dependent on thy bounteous breath,
We seek thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, and in death,
To keep us still thy own. Heber

57. *Early Piety.*

My son, know thou the Lord,
Thy father's God obey;
Seek his protecting care by night,
His guardian hand by day.

Call, while he may be found,
And seek him while he's near;
Serve him with all thy heart and mind,
And worship him with fear.

If thou wilt seek his face,
His ear will hear thy cry;
Then shalt thou find his mercy sure,
His grace for ever nigh.

But if thou leave thy God,
Nor choose the path to heaven;
Then shalt thou perish in thy sins,
And never be forgiven. Village Hymns

58. *"Behold I stand at the door."*

Behold a stranger at the door!
He gently knocks—has knock'd before;
Has waited long—is waiting still;
You treat no other friend so ill.

Admit him, ere his anger burn—
His feet, departed, ne'er return;
Admit him, or the hour's at hand
You'll at *his door* rejected stand. Grigg.

59. *Preparation for Prayer.*

My soul, leave trifling now,
Be watchful and composed;
To all the world below
Let my fix'd heart be closed.

O 'tis a serious work
For which thou wouldst prepare;
It is the work of God,
The holy work of prayer.

Then pause, my soul, awhile,
And to thy God draw nigh;
Call on the Spirit's power
Thy thoughts to sanctify. Mrs. Cowper.

60. *Prayer for Aid through Life.*

Eternal source of life and light,
Supremely good and wise,
To thee we bring our grateful vows,
To thee we lift our eyes.

Our dark and erring minds illume
With truth's celestial rays;
Inspire our hearts with sacred love,
And tune our lips to praise.

Conduct us safely by thy grace
Through life's perplexing road;
And place us, when that journey's o'er,
In heaven, thy blest abode.

61. *Early will I seek Thee.*

Now that my journey's just begun,
My road so little trod,
I'll come, before I further run,
And give myself to God.

What sorrows may my steps attend
I never can foretell:
But if the Lord will be my friend,
I know that all is well.

If all my earthly friends should die
And leave me mourning here,
Since God can hear the orphan's cry,
O what have I to fear?

If I am poor, he can supply,
Who *has* my table spread;
Who feeds the ravens when they cry,
And fills his poor with bread.

If I am rich, he'll guard my heart,
Temptation to withstand;
And make me willing to impart
The bounties of his hand.

But, Lord, whatever grief or ill
For me may be in store,
Make me submissive to thy will,
And I would ask no more.

Hymns for Infant Minds.

62. *A Child's Confession and Prayer.*

A sinner, Lord, behold I stand,
In thought, and word, and deed!
But Jesus sits at thy right hand,
For such to intercede.

From early infancy, I know,
A rebel I have been;
And daily, as I older grow,
The more I grow in sin.

But God can change this evil heart,
And give a holy mind,
And his own heavenly grace impart,
Which those who seek shall find.

Then let me all my sins confess,
And pardoning grace implore;
That I may learn thy righteousness,
And love my Savior more.

Hymns for Infant Minds

63. *The Good Shepherd.*

Tell me, Shepherd from above,
Dearest object of my love,
Where thy happy flocks abide,
Shelter'd by thy bleeding side!

Tell me, Savior all divine,
Where I may my soul recline,
Where I shall for refuge fly
When the burning sun is high.

Claim me, Shepherd, as thine own,
O protect me, thou alone!
Let me hear thy gracious voice,
Make my fainting heart rejoice.

64. *Self-dedication of a Child.*

Lord, I would come to thee,
A sinner all defil'd;
O take the stain of guilt away,
And own me as thy child.

I cannot live in sin,
And feel a Savior's love;
Thy blood can make my spirit clean,
And write my name above.

Among thy little flock,
I need the Shepherd's care;—
Pour waters from the smitten Rock,
And pastures green prepare.

Blest Shepherd, I am thine;
Still keep me in thy fear;
Now fill my heart with grace divine,
Bring thy salvation near.

Mother's H. Book.

65. *Asking Pardon for Anger.*

Lord, I confess before thy face
How sinful I have been;
Look down from heaven, thy dwelling place,
And pardon this my sin.

Forgive my temper, Lord, I pray,
My passion and my pride;
The wicked words I dared to say,
And wicked thoughts beside.

The Savior answer'd not again,
Nor spoke an angry word
To all the scoffs of wicked men,
Although he was their Lord.

And who am I, a sinful child,
Such angry words to say!—
Make me as he was, meek and mild,
And take my pride away.

For Jesus' sake, forgive my crime,
And change this stubborn heart;
And grant me grace another time
To act a better part. Hymns for Infant Minds.

66. *Confession of Sin.*

What is there, Lord, a child can do,
Who feels with guilt opprest?
There's evil, that I never knew
Before, within my breast.

My thoughts are vain; my heart is hard;
My temper apt to rise;
And, when I seem upon my guard,
It takes me by surprise.

O look with pity in thine eye
Upon a heart so hard:
Thou wilt not slight a feeble cry,
Or show it no regard. Hymns for Infant Minds.

67. *The Example of Christ.*

Jesus Christ, my Lord and Savior,
Once became a child like me;
O that, in my whole behavior,
He my pattern still might be.

All my nature is unholy,
Pride and passion dwell within;
But the Lord was meek and lowly,
And was never known to sin.

Lord, assist a feeble creature,
Guide me by thy word of truth;
Condescend to be my teacher
Through my childhood and my youth.

Oh permit me not to harden
In my sin, and be content;
But bestow a gracious pardon,
And assist me to repent.

Hymns for Infant Minds.

68. *The Child-like Temper.*

Quiet, Lord, my froward heart,
Make me teachable and mild,
Upright, simple, free from art,
Make me as a weaned child;
From distrust and envy free,
Pleased with all that pleases thee.

What thou shalt to-day provide,
Let me as a child receive;
What to-morrow may betide,
Calmly to thy wisdom leave:
'Tis enough that Thou wilt care—
Why should I the burden bear?

As a little child relies
On a care beyond his own,
Knows he's neither strong nor wise,
Fears to stir a step alone;
Let me thus with thee abide,
As my Father, guard and guide.

Thus preserv'd from Satan's wiles,
Safe from dangers, free from fears,
May I live upon thy smiles,
Till the promis'd hour appears,
When the sons of God shall prove
All their Father's boundless love. Newton

69. *Early Devotion to God.*

With humble heart and tongue,
Great God, to thee I pray;
O may I learn, while I am young,
To walk in wisdom's way.

Now, in my early days,
Teach me thyself to know;
O God, thy sanctifying grace
Betimes on me bestow.

My heart, to folly prone,
Renew by pow'r divine;
Unite it to thyself alone,
And make me wholly thine.

Make my defenceless youth
The object of thy care;
Help me to choose the way of truth,
And flee from ev'ry snare.

O let thy word of grace
My warmest thoughts employ;
Be this, through all my future days,
My treasure and my joy. Fawcett.

70. *Confession.*

Lord, when we bend before thy throne
And our confessions pour,
Teach us to feel the sins we own,
And shun what we deplore.

Our contrite spirits pitying see,
And penitence impart,
And let a healing ray from thee
Beam hope upon the heart.

71. *Breathing after Holiness.*

O that the Lord would guide my ways
To keep his statutes still!
O that my God would grant me grace
To know and do his will!

O send thy Spirit down to write
Thy law upon my heart;
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
Nor act the liar's part.

From vanity turn off mine eyes;
Let no corrupt design
Nor covetous desires arise
Within this soul of mine.

Order my footseps by thy word,
And make my heart sincere:
Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
But keep my conscience clear.

Make me to walk in thy commands;
'Tis a delightful road:
Nor let my head, or heart, or hands,
Offend against my God. Watts.

72. *Submission.*

When we disclose our wants in prayer,
May we our wills resign,
And not a thought our bosom share,
Which is not wholly thine.

Let faith each meek petition fill,
And waft it to the skies,
And teach our hearts 'tis goodness still
That grants it, or denies.

73. *Child's Prayer.*

Lord, teach a little child to pray;
Thy grace betimes impart;
And grant thy Holy Spirit may
Renew my sinful heart.

A fallen creature I was born,
And from my birth have strayed:
I must be wretched and forlorn
Without thy mercy's aid.

But Christ can all my sins forgive,
And wash away their stain;
Can fit my soul with him to live,
And in his kingdom reign.

To him let little children come,
For he hath said they may;
His bosom then shall be their home,
Their tears he'll wipe away.

For all who early seek his face
Shall surely taste his love;
Jesus shall guide them, by his grace,
To dwell with him above. Dr. Ryland.

74. *Praise for Daily Mercies.*

Lord, I would own thy tender care,
And all thy love to me;
The food I eat, the clothes I wear,
Are all bestow'd by thee.

'Tis thou preservest me from death
And danger every hour;
I cannot draw another breath,
Unless thou give the power.

My health, and friends, and parents dear,
To me by God are given;
I have not any blessing here
But what is sent from heaven.

Such goodness, Lord, and constant care,
A child can ne'er repay;
But may it be my daily prayer,
To love thee and obey.

Hymns for Infant Minds

75. *Prayer for Mercy.*

Jesus, Savior, pity me,
Hear me when I cry to thee!
I've a very wicked heart,
Full of sin in ev'ry part;
I can never make it good,
Wilt thou wash me in thy blood!
Jesus, Savior, pity me,
Hear me when I cry to thee!

Young in years, in evil strong,
Far from thee I've lived too long:
When I try to do thy will,
Sin is in my bosom still.
Who could help or comfort give,
If thou didst not bid me live?
Jesus, Savior, pity me,
Hear me when I cry to thee.

Though I cannot cease from guilt,
Thou canst cleanse me, and thou wilt;
Since thy blood for me was shed,
Crown'd with thorns thy blessed head:
Thou, who loved and suffer'd so,
Ne'er will bid me from thee go:
Jesus, thou wilt pity me!
Save me when I cry to thee! M. L. Duncan

76. *For me.*

Lord, to thy mercy-seat I come,
And bow before thy throne;
Here at thy footstool will I plead
The merits of thy Son.

Though crimes of deepest dye appear,
And justice bids thee slay;
Yet in thy mercy will I trust,
To wash my sins away.

My only hope is in that blood,
For me on Calvary shed;
My only plea is this,—for me,
For me my Savior bled.

For me upon the cross he hung,
For me pass'd through the tomb;
For me to glory rose, and there
Prepares my happy home.

Now, while I bow before thy throne,
For me he intercedes;
And oh! Thou wilt not one condemn
For whom the Savior pleads.

Youth's Mag.

77. *Seeking God.*

My God, permit my tongue
This joy, to call thee mine;
And let my early cries prevail
To taste thy love divine.

For life, without thy love,
No relish can afford;
No joy can be compared with this,
To serve and please the Lord.

In wakeful hours of night
I call my God to mind;
I think how wise thy counsels are,
And all thy dealings kind.

The shadow of thy wings
My soul in safety keeps;
I follow where my Father leads,
And he supports my steps. Watts.

78. *Youth and Age.*

To thee in youth's bright morning,
Father of all, we pray;
While thought and fancy dawning,
Lead on the rising day.

To thee, in life's last even,
We'll tune our feeble breath,
Feel all our sins forgiven,
And softly sleep in death. Sp. Songs.

79. *Pilgrimage.*

Gently, Lord, O gently lead us
Through this lonely vale of tears—
Through the changes here decreed us,
Till our last great change appears.
When temptation's darts assail us,
When in devious paths we stray,
Let thy goodness never fail us—
Lead us in thy perfect way.

In the hour of pain and anguish,
In the hour when death draws near,
Suffer not our hearts to languish,
Suffer not our souls to fear.
And when mortal life is ended,
Call us to thy heavenly rest,
Then, by angel bands attended,
We shall wake among the blest. Sp. Songs

80. *Resignation.*

Great God! I would not seek to know
The number of my earthly hours;
Nor if the path that I must go
Be set with thorns or strew'd with flowers.
But this I would for ever pray,
Nor be the earnest suit denied,
That, whether dark or bright the way,
Thy Spirit still may be my guide.

Seamen's Hymns

81. *The pure in heart.*

Blest are the pure in heart,
For they shall see our God;
The secret of the Lord is theirs,
Their souls are his abode.

Still to the lowly mind
He doth himself impart,
And for his temple and his throne
Selects the pure in heart.

Hymns for the Vestry and Fireside.

82. *Prayer to Christ.*

Holy child, of heavenly birth,
God made manifest on earth!
Fain I would thy follower be,
Act in every thing like thee.

Thou whom angels serve and fear,
Subject to thy parents here,
Didst to me the pattern give,
How with mine I ought to live.

Thy humility impart,
Give me thy obedient heart,
Free and cheerful to fulfil
All my heavenly Father's will.

83. *Earthly Prospects deceitful*

Oft in vain the voice of truth
Solemnly and loudly warns,
While each giddy careless youth
Every solemn warning scorns.

Youth in fancy's glass surveys
Life prolong'd to distant years,
While the vast imagin'd space
Fill'd with varying joys appears.

Awful disappointment soon
Overclouds the smiling day;
Some their sun-set find at noon,
Torn by death's strong hand away.

Others, who are spared awhile,
Live to weep o'er fancy's cheat;
Find distress, and pain, and toil—
Bitter things instead of sweet.

Sin has spread a curse around,
Poisoning all things here below;
On this sin-polluted ground
Peace and joy can never grow.

Grace alone can cure our ills,
Sweeten life with all its cares,
Regulate our stubborn wills,
Save us from surrounding snares.

Newton.

84. *The Little Pilgrim.*

May I a little pilgrim be,
Resolved alone to follow thee,
Thou Lamb of God, who now art gone
Up to heaven's eternal throne.

May I my heart to thee resign,
Thine ever be, and thou be mine.
The world I leave, to find the way
To happiness and endless day.

My lips shall be employed to bless
The Lord, my strength, my righteousness;
By faith his holy life I'll view,
His precepts and his path pursue.

Thus would I learn below to live,
Till I my summons hence receive;
Then, when he calls, I shall but die
To live with him eternally.

85. *Thanksgiving.*

Almighty God of grace and love,
Our youthful praise attend:
Our songs of joy shall mount above
To thee, the children's friend.

Before we knew thy sacred name,
Or lisp'd our infant prayer,
Thou didst preserve our tender frame
By thine almighty care.

Thus far through childhood's scenes we're led,
To thee our all we owe;
Our friends, our clothes, our daily bread,
Thy mercy doth bestow.

While heathen nations teach their youth
To worship wood and stone,
We pray to thee, the God of truth,
Through Jesus Christ alone.

For Sabbaths, Bibles, parents kind,
We render thee our praise;
O Lord, accept the thankful mind,
Accept our humble lays.

86. *The Request.*

Father, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sov'reign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace
Let this petition rise.

Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From ev'ry murmur free;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And let me live to thee.

Let the sweet hope that I am thine
My life and death attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end. Steele.

87. *God Everywhere.*

Among the deepest shades of night
Can there be one who sees my way?
Yes, God is as a shining light,
That turns the darkness into day.

When ev'ry eye around me sleeps,
May I not sin without control?
No; for a constant watch he keeps
On ev'ry thought of ev'ry soul.

If I could find some cave unknown,
Where human feet had never trod,
Yet there I could not be alone,
On ev'ry side there would be God.

He smiles in heaven, he frowns in hell;
He fills the earth, the air, the sea;
I must within his presence dwell,
I cannot from his anger flee.

Yet I may flee—he shows me where—
To Jesus Christ he bids me fly;
And while I seek for pardon there,
There's only mercy in his eye.

Hymns for Infant Minds.

88. *The All-seeing God.*

Almighty God, thy piercing eye
Strikes through the shades of night,
And our most secret actions lie
All open to thy sight.

There's not a sin that we commit,
Nor wicked word we say,
But in thy dreadful book 'tis writ,
Against the judgment day.

And must the crimes that I have done
Be read and publish'd there;
Be all expos'd before the sun,
While men and angels hear?

Lord, at thy foot asham'd I lie ;
Upward I dare not look ;
Pardon my sins before I die,
And blot them from thy book.

Remember all the dying pains
That my Redeemer felt,
And let his blood wash out my stains,
And answer for my guilt.

O may I now for ever fear
To indulge a sinful thought ;
Since the great God can see and hear,
And writes down every fault. Watts

89. *For a New Heart.*

O for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free,
A heart redeem'd by that rich blood
So freely shed for me !

A heart resign'd, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne,
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.

An humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean,
Which neither life nor death can part
From him that dwells within.

A heart in ev'ry thought renew'd,
And full of love divine,
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,—
A copy, Lord, of thine. C. Wesley

90. *The Ever-present God.*

In all my vast concerns with thee,
In vain my soul would try
To shun thy presence, Lord, or flee
The notice of thine eye.

Thy all-surrounding sight surveys
My rising and my rest,
My public walks, my private ways,
And secrets of my breast.

My thoughts lie open to the Lord
Before they're form'd within,
And ere my lips pronounce the word,
He knows the sense I mean.

O wondrous knowledge, deep and high!
Where can a creature hide?
Within thy circling arms I lie,
Beset on ev'ry side.

So let thy grace surround me still,
And like a bulwark prove,
To guard my soul from ev'ry ill,
Secur'd by sov'reign love. Watts

91. *Lord, remember me.*

Soon as my youthful lips can speak
Their feeble pray'r to thee,
O let my heart thy favor seek;
Dear Lord, remember me.

In all life's foll'wing years, my tongue
Tun'd to thy praise shall be;
And this th' expressive humble song,
Dear Lord, remember me.

From ev'ry sin that wounds the heart
May I be taught to flee;
Oh! bid them all from me depart:
Dear Lord, remember me.

When, with life's heavy load opprest,
I bend the trembling knee,
Then give my suff'ring spirit rest,
Dear Lord, remember me.

O! let me, on the bed of death,
Thy great salvation see,
And cry, with my expiring breath,
Dear Lord, remember me.

92. *"Suffer little Children to come unto me."*

Lord, before thy throne we stand,
Once again thy children see;
Smile upon the youthful band,
Suffer us to come to thee.

Suffer us to come and pray,
Daily do we stand in need,
And if thou shouldst turn away,
Lord, we should be poor indeed!

Suffer us to come and own
How unworthy we have been,
Since we look to thee alone
For the pardon of our sin.

Suffer us to come and praise,
Condescend to hear our songs;
All we have, ten thousand ways,
Comes from thee, to thee belongs.
While we here have life and breath,
This our constant prayer should be,
This our latest sigh in death—
Suffer us to come to thee. Epis. S. S. Sel.

93. *Confession.*

My sins are many, like the stars,
Or sands upon the shore;
But yet the mercies of my God
Are infinitely more.
Manasseh, Paul and Magdalen,
Were pardon'd all by thee;
I read, and would believe it, Lord,
That thou canst pardon me.

94. *The Commandments.*

One God I must worship supreme,
And ne'er before images bow;
I must not speak light of his name,
But pay to him every vow.

I'm bound to remember with care
The Sabbath, so hallow'd and pure;
To honor my parents so dear,
That my life may the longer endure.

I never must steal, or consent
To what is impure or untrue;
I must not indulge discontent,
Or covet my neighbor his due.

Now help me, O Father in heaven,
To keep these commandments with zeal,
In the strength that through Jesus is given
To those who are doing thy will.

Mother's Nursery Songs

95. *Gratitude for the Bible and learning to read.*

The praises of my tongue
I offer to the Lord,
That I was taught and learn'd so young
To read his holy word.

Dear Lord, this book of thine
Informs me where to go
For grace to pardon all my sin,
And make me holy too.

O may thy Spirit teach
And make my heart receive
Those truths that all thy servants preach,
And all thy saints believe.

Then shall I praise the Lord
In a more cheerful strain,
That I was taught to read his word,
And have not learn'd in vain. Watts.

96. *Use of the Bible.*

Holy Bible! book divine!
Precious treasure! thou art mine:
Mine, to tell me whence I came;
Mine, to teach me what I am:

Mine, to chide me when I rove;
Mine, to show a Savior's love:
Mine art thou, to guide my feet;
Mine, to judge, condemn, acquit:

Mine, to comfort in distress,
If the Holy Spirit bless:
Mine, to show, by living faith,
Man can triumph over death!

Mine, to tell of joys to come,
And the rebel sinner's doom—
O thou precious book divine!
Precious treasure! thou art mine.

97. *The Bible a Guide to the Young.*

How shall the young secure their hearts
And guard their lives from sin?
Thy word the choicest rules imparts
To keep the conscience clean.

When once it enters to the mind,
It spreads such light abroad,
The meanest souls instruction find,
And raise their thoughts to God.

'Tis like the sun, a heavenly light
That guides us all the day,
And through the dangers of the night
A lamp to lead our way.

Thy word is everlasting truth;
How pure is ev'ry page!
That holy book shall guide our youth
And well support our age. Watts.

98. *Examples of Early Piety.*

What bless'd examples do I find
  Writ in the word of truth,
Of children that began to mind
  Religion in their youth!

Jesus, who reigns above the sky,
  And keeps the world in awe,
Was once a child as young as I,
  And kept his Father's law.

Children a sweet hosanna sung,
  And bless'd their Savior's name;
They gave him honor with their tongue,
  While scribes and priests blaspheme.

Samuel, the child, was wean'd and brought
  To wait upon the Lord;
Young Timothy betimes was taught
  To know his holy word.

Then why should I so long delay
  What others learn'd so soon?
I would not pass another day
  Without this work begun. Watts.

99. *My Bible.*

My Bible! 'tis a book divine,
Where heavenly truth and mercy shine,
And wisdom speaks in every line,
And speaks to me.

My Bible! in this book alone
I find God's holy will made known;
And here his love to man is shown—
His love to me.

My Bible! here with joy I trace
The records of redeeming grace;
Glad tidings of a sinful race;
Good news to me.

My Bible! here it is I read
How Jesus did for sinners bleed;
O, this was wondrous love indeed!
Christ bled for me.

I love my Bible! may I ne'er
Consult it but with faith and prayer,
That I may see my Savior there,
Who died for me!

100. *Our High Priest in Heaven*

How fair was Aaron to the view
When in his splendid garments drest,
He wore his robe of heavenly blue
Above his long and snowy vest.

His ephod and his girdle white
Were wrought with purple, gold and red;
Upon his breast shone jewels bright,
A costly mitre on his head.

There dwells no more a priest on earth,
But there is One beyond the sky;
But who can set his glories forth,
Or can with him in beauty vie?

O fairer than the sons of men,
O fairest of the hosts above,
What tongue can tell, what eye has seen
The glories of the God of love!

O, may I thy bright image wear
When from the tomb my flesh shall rise,
And may thy form divinely fair
For ever bless my longing eyes!

"Line upon Line."

101. *Heavenly Wisdom.*

Now if the Lord should say to me,
"What gifts shall I bestow on thee?"
Should I like Solomon reply,
"O give me wisdom from on high!"

Yet wisdom is the only thing
That real happiness can bring,
And restless must my heart remain
Until this wisdom I obtain.

It would not make me truly wise
To know the stars that fill the skies,
Or all the fishes in the seas,
Or beasts and birds, or flowers and trees.

Wisdom to love the thing that's right,
O this would give my heart delight;
This wisdom, then, O grant to me,
That I may ever live with thee.

"Precept upon Precept."

102. *True Happiness.*

Across the burning plains of sand
Came Sheba's queen to Canaan's land,
To hear king Solomon:

And when she heard his wisdom rare,
She cried, "How blest thy servants are
"That stand around thy throne!"

And did she count those servants blest?
More happy we, who are possest
Of God's most holy word,
For we can read what Jesus said,
And how God rais'd him from the dead
To be our living God.

But O, how will our hearts rejoice,
When we shall hear our Savior's voice,
And see him face to face!
For then much better shall we know
Than we have ever known below
The wonders of his grace.

"Precept upon Precept."

103. *For a fixed Heart.*

O Lord, thy heavenly grace impart,
And fix my frail, inconstant heart;
Henceforth my chief desire shall be,
To dedicate myself to thee!
To thee, my God, to thee!

Whate'er pursuits my time employ,
One thought shall fill my soul with joy;
That silent, secret thought shall be,
That all my hopes are fix'd on thee—
On thee, my God, on thee!

Renouncing every worldly thing,
Safe in the shelter of thy wing,
My sweetest thought henceforth shall be,
That all I want I find in thee—
In thee, my God, in thee! De la Roche.

104. *The Lord our Strength.*

By whom was David taught
To aim the dreadful blow,
When he Goliath fought,
And laid the Gittite low?
No sword nor spear the stripling took,
But chose a pebble from the brook!

'Twas Israel's God and King
Who sent him to the fight;
Who gave him strength to sling,
And skill to aim aright.
Ye feeble saints, your strength endures,
Because young David's God is yours.

Who order'd Gideon forth
To storm th' invader's camp,
With arms of little worth,
A pitcher and a lamp?
The trumpets made his coming known,
And all the host was overthrown!

O may we see the day
When, with a single word,
God helping us to say,
Our trust is in the Lord,
Our souls shall quell a thousand foes,
Fearless of all that may oppose. Cowper

105. *Miracles of Christ.*

Jesus, and didst thou condescend,
When veil'd in human clay,
To heal the sick, the lame, the blind,
And drive disease away?

Didst thou regard the beggar's cry,
And give the blind to see?
Jesus, thou son of David, hear—
Have mercy too on me!

And didst thou pity mortal wo,
And sight and health restore?
O pity, Lord, and save my soul,
Which needs thy mercy more!

Didst thou thy trembling servant raise,
When sinking in the wave?
I perish, Lord!—O, save my soul!
For thou alone canst save.

Christian Psalmody

106. *Atonement.*

Arise, my soul, arise!
Shake off thy guilty fears;
Jesus, the sacrifice,
In my behalf appears:
Before the throne he ever stands,
And lifts for me his bleeding hands.

To God I'm reconcil'd—
His pardoning voice I hear;
He owns me for his child;
I can no longer fear.
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And "Father," "Abba, Father," cry.

Methodist Coll.

107. *The Holy Scriptures.*

Great God! with wonder and with praise
On all thy works I look;
But still thy wisdom, power and grace
Shine brightest in thy book.

Here are my choicest treasures hid;
Here my best comfort lies;
Here my desires are satisfied,
And here my hopes arise.

Lord, make me understand thy law,
Show what my faults have been,
And from thy Gospel let me draw
Pardon for all my sin.

Here would I learn how Christ has died
To save my soul from hell;
Not all the books on earth beside
Such heavenly wonders tell.

Then let me love my Bible more,
And take a fresh delight,
By day to read these wonders o'er,
And meditate by night. Watts.

108. *Samuel.*

When little Samuel woke
And heard his Maker's voice,
At every word he spoke,
How much did he rejoice!
O blessed, happy child, to find
The God of heaven so near and kind.

If God would speak to me,
And say he was my friend,
How happy should I be!
O, how would I attend!
The smallest sin I then should fear,
If God Almighty were so near.

And does he never speak?
O yes! for in his word
He bids me come and seek
The God whom Samuel heard;
In almost every page I see,
The God of Samuel calls to me.

And I, beneath his care,
May safely rest my head;
I know that God is there,
To guard my humble bed:

And every sin I well may fear,
Since God Almighty is so near.

Like Samuel, let me say,
Whene'er I read his word,
"Speak, Lord, I would obey
"The voice that Samuel heard;"
And when I in thy house appear,
Speak, for thy servant waits to hear.

Hymns for Infant Minds

109. *To-day.*

All yesterday is gone!
To-morrow's not our own;
O sinner, come, without delay,
To bow before the throne.

O hear his voice to-day,
And harden not your heart;
To-morrow with a frown he may
Pronounce the word—Depart!

Pratt's Col.

110. *Scripture Characters.*

Daniel's wisdom may I know,
Stephen's faith and spirit show,

John's divine communion feel,
Moses' meekness, Joshua's zeal;
Run like the unwearied Paul,
Win the day and conquer all.

Mary's love may I possess,
Lydia's tender-heartedness,
Peter's ardent spirit feel,
James's faith by works reveal;
Like young Timothy, may I
Every sinful passion fly.

Job's submission may I show,
David's true devotion know;
Samuel's call O may I hear,
Lazarus' happy portion share;
Let Isaiah's hallow'd fire
All my new-born soul inspire.

Mine be Jacob's wrestling prayer,
Gideon's valiant steadfast care,
Joseph's purity impart,
Isaac's meditating heart,
Abraham's friendship may I prove,
Faithful to the God of love.

Most of all, may I pursue
That example Jesus drew;
By my life and conduct show
How he liv'd and walk'd below;
Day by day, through grace restor'd,
Imitate my blessed Lord.

111. *Mary at the Sepulchre.*

Mary to the Savior's tomb
Hasted at the early dawn;
Spice she brought and sweet perfume,
But the Lord she loved had gone:
For awhile she lingering stood,
Fill'd with sorrow and surprise;
Trembling, while a crystal flood
Issued from her weeping eyes.

But her sorrows quickly fled
When she heard his welcome voice:
Christ had risen from the dead;
Now he bids her heart rejoice:
What a change his word can make,
Turning darkness into day!
Ye who weep for Jesus' sake,
He will wipe your tears away Newton

112. *The Mountains of Palestine.*

Not *Lebanon*, with all its trees,
Nor *Hermon* with its dew,
Nor *Carmel* with its sacrifice,
Nor *Pisgah's* distant view,
Can give the joy of *Calvary*,
For there the Savior died for me.

On *Tabor* he appear'd as God;
On *Sinai* gave his law;
On *Olives* wept o'er Israel's sons,
For he the future saw;
But still I love mount *Calvary*,
For there the Savior died for me.

Lond. S. S. Mag.

113. *Prayer for Sabbath Morning*

Lord of the Sabbath, I rejoice
Thine holy day to see;
May I, assisted by thy grace,
Begin this week with thee.

I go this day to hear thy word,
To sing, to pray, and praise;
To learn of thee, my gracious Lord,
Religion's pleasant ways.

Oh may the Holy Spirit bless
These sacred means of grace,
That I may learn thy righteousness,
And seek in youth thy face.

Creation on this day began,
This holy morn was blest
When Christ, who died for sinful man,
Ascended to his rest.

There, though he reigns exalted high,
The young he deigns to see;
He hears the contrite sinner's sigh,
And stoops to notice me.

114. *Meditation for Sabbath Morning.*

This is the day when Christ arose
So early from the dead;
Why should I keep my eyelids clos'd,
And waste my hours in bed?

This is the day when Jesus broke
The power of death and hell,
And shall I still wear Satan's yoke,
And love my sins so well?

To-day with pleasure christians meet
To pray and hear thy word;
And I would go, with cheerful feet,
To learn thy will, O Lord.

I'll leave the world to read and pray,
And so prepare for heaven;
O! may I love this blessed day,
The best of all the seven. Watts.

115. *Praise for the Sabbath.*

Maker of the Sabbath day,
Teach us how to praise and pray;
Thou this blessed day hast given,
To prepare our souls for heaven.

Giver of eternal rest,
Be thy glorious Gospel blest;
Thou alone canst change the heart,
Thou alone canst peace impart.

Ruler of the earth and sky,
Lord of all below, on high;
Make the *young*, as well as old,
Sheep of thy *eternal* fold.

Friend of children, hear our pray'r,
Let no trifling feelings dare
Steal the precious hours away
Of this sacred *Sabbath day.* Epis. S. S. Sel

116. *Preparation for Devotion*

Lord, help us as we pray,
To come with hearts sincere,
And as we run in wisdom's way,
To seek thy blessing here.

Lord, help us as we sing,
To *mean* the words we use,
And not to mock our heavenly King,
And all his love abuse.

Lord, help us as we hear,
To treasure up thy word,
And not to-morrow to appear
As if it were unheard.

Lord, help us while we live,
Thy servants to abide;
The aid of thy good Spirit give;
In mercy be our guide.

Lord, help us when we die,
To reach yon heavenly shore,
That we with angel hosts on high
May praise Thee evermore. Epis. S. S. Sel.

117. *Religious Instruction.*

As Mary sat at Jesus' feet
To learn her Maker's will,
We in the Savior's presence meet
And hear his doctrine still.

O for that meek attentive mind
Which happy Mary show'd,
And that instruction may we find
That was on her bestow'd.

Here we are taught the sacred word
The Savior first convey'd,
And here the doctrines we have heard
Are plain and easy made.

'Tis here we learn the glorious name
Of God, who reigns above;
And while we read of sinners' shame,
Are taught the Savior's love.

Lord! while we thank thee for the grace
That sends this happy news,
We still would sit in Mary's place,
Her better part to choose.

Hymns for Infant Minds

118. *The Sabbath.*

How sweet is the Sabbath to me,
The day when the Savior arose!
'Tis heaven his beauties to see,
And on his kind bosom repose.

He knows I am weak and defil'd,
My life is but empty and vain;
But if he will make me his child
I'll never forsake him again.

This day he invites us to come;
How kindly he bids us draw near;
He offers us heav'n for our home,
And wipes ev'ry penitent tear.

He offers to pardon our sin
And keep us from every snare,
To sprinkle and cleanse us within,
And show us his tenderest care.

I cannot, I must not refuse;
His goodness has conquer'd my heart;
The Lord for my portion I choose,
And bid all my folly depart. Juvenile Songs.

119. *Attending Public Worship.*

When to the house of God we go
To hear his word and sing his love,
We ought to worship him below
As saints and angels do above.

For God is present everywhere,
And watches all our thoughts and ways;
He sees who humbly join in prayer,
And who sincerely sing his praise.

And he the triflers too can see,
Who only *seem* to take a part;
They move the lip and bend the knee,
But do not seek him with the heart.

O may we never trifle so,
Nor lose the days our God has given,
But learn, by Sabbaths here below,
To spend eternity in heaven.

Hymns for Infant Minds.

120. *For the Lord's Day Evening.*

Lord, how delightful 'tis to see
A whole assembly worship thee!
At once they sing, at once they pray;
They hear of heaven and learn the way.

I have been there, and still would go,
It seems a heaven begun below;
Not all my pleasure and my play
Shall tempt me to forget this day.

O write upon my memory, Lord,
The texts and doctrines of thy word;
That I may break thy laws no more,
But love thee better than before!

With thoughts of Christ and things divine
Fill up this sinful heart of mine:
That, hoping pardon through his blood,
I may lie down, and wake with God. Watts

121. *The everlasting Sabbath.*

Soon will set the Sabbath sun,
Soon the sacred day be gone;
But a sweeter rest remains
Where the glorious Savior reigns.

Pleasant is the Sabbath bell,
Seeming much of joy to tell;
But a music sweeter far
Breathes where angel-spirits are.

Shall we ever rise to dwell
Where immortal praises swell?
And can children ever go
Where eternal Sabbaths glow?

Yes, that rest our own may be,
All the good shall Jesus see;
For the good a rest remains
Where the glorious Savior reigns.

122. *How sweet the Sabbath.*

How sweet is the Sabbath, the morning of rest,
The day of the week which I ought to love best;
The morning my Savior arose from the tomb,
And took from the grave all its terror and gloom.

Then let us be thoughtful and prayerful to-day,
Nor carelessly trifle this season away;
Rememb'ring that Sabbaths were graciously given
To teach us to seek, and prepare us for heaven.

S. S. Harp.

123. *The Sabbath Bells.*

Call'd by the Sabbath bells away
To seek thy holy temple, Lord,
I'll go with willing mind to pray,
To praise thy name and hear thy word.

O sacred day of peace and joy,
Thy light is ever dear to me;
Ne'er may a sinful thought destroy
The holy calm I find in thee.

Dear are thy peaceful hours to me,
For God has given them in his love,
To tell how calm, how blest shall be
The endless day of heaven above.

124. *Sabbath Morning.*

Awake! awake! your sleep forsake,
To God new honors pay;
The morning sun is clear and bright,
Then haste to meet its sacred light:
With songs of love, praise God above:
It is the Sabbath-day.

Before the morn, before the dawn,
The blessed Savior rose;
He conquer'd death, and left the grave,
While soft, across the placid wave,
The morning star shone forth afar—
He vanquish'd all his foes.

The angels bright, from worlds of light,
To greet his rising came;
The Prince of Life with joy they view,
While heaven its glories o'er them threw;
Then hasten'd high above the sky,
Their raptures to proclaim.

Youth's Penny Gazette.

125. *Hymn for the Lord's Day.*

Thou who art enthron'd above,
Thou by whom we live and move!
O how sweet with joyful tongue
To resound thy praise in song!
When the morning paints the skies,
When the sparkling stars arise,
All thy favors to rehearse,
And give thanks in grateful verse.

Sweet the day of sacred rest,
When devotion fills the breast,
When we dwell within thy house,
Hear thy word and pay our vows;
Notes to heaven's high mansion raise,
Fill its courts with joyful praise;
With repeated hymns proclaim
Great Jehovah's awful name.

From thy works our joys arise,
O thou only good and wise!
Who thy wonders can declare?
How profound thy counsels are!
Warm our hearts with sacred fire,
Grateful fervors still inspire;
All our powers, with all their might,
Ever in thy praise unite. Sandys.

126. *The Sabbath Day and Sabbath School.*

The Sabbath of the Lord,
The Sabbath is our day;
For then we read and hear his word,
And learn to praise and pray.

That day with songs we bless,
It hath the light of seven,
When Christ, the Sun of righteousness,
Shines on our path to heaven.

Ours is the Sabbath-school;
Its lessons may we prize,
And grow by every Gospel rule
Unto salvation wise.

So all our lives below,
In wisdom's pleasant ways,
The fruits of Sabbath-schools will show,
The bliss of Sabbath-days.

Lord of the Sabbath, send
Prosperity and peace,
Till tasks and teachings here shall end,
Tongues fail, and knowledge cease:

Then heaven itself shall be
One Sabbath-school above,
And undisturb'd eternity
One Sabbath-day of love. J. Montgomery.

127. *For a Sabbath School.*

Come let our voices join
In joyful songs of praise;

To God, the God of love,
Our thankful hearts we'll raise.
To God alone all praise belongs,
Our earliest and our latest songs.

Now we are taught to read
The book of life divine,
Where our Redeemer's love
And brightest glories shine:
To God alone all praise is due,
Who sends his word to us and you.

Within these hallow'd walls
Our wandering feet are brought,
Where prayer and praise ascend,
And heavenly truths are taught:
To God alone your offerings bring,
Let young and old his praises sing.

Lord, let this work of love
Be crown'd with full success!
Let thousands yet unborn
Here learn thy name to bless!
To thee, O Lord, all praise to thee!
We'll praise thee through eternity.

Budden.

128. *For a Sabbath School.*

Within these walls be peace,
Love through our borders found,
In all our little palaces
Prosperity abound.

God scorns not humble things;
Here, though the proud despise,
The children of the King of kings
Are training for the skies.

May none, who thus are taught,
From glory be cast down;
But all, thro' faith and patience, brought
To an immortal crown. Montgomery.

129. *Closing School.*

For a season call'd to part,
Let us now ourselves commend
To the gracious eye and heart
Of our ever-present Friend.

Jesus, hear our humble pray'r,
Tender Shepherd of thy sheep,
Let thy mercy and thy care
All our souls in safety keep.

What we each have now been taught,
Let our memories retain;
May we, if we live, be brought
Here to meet in peace again.

Then, if thou instruction bless,
Songs of praises shall be giv'n;
We'll our thankfulness express
Here on earth, and when in heav'n.

Epis. S. S. Se

130. *Sabbath School Anniversary.*

From year to year in love we meet;
From year to year in peace we part;
The tongues of children uttering sweet
The thrilling joy of every heart.

But time rolls on, and year by year
We change, grow up, or pass away:
Not twice the same assembly here
Have hail'd the children's festal day.

Death, ere another year, may strike
Some in our number, mark'd to fall;
Be young and old prepar'd alike—
The warning is to each, to all. Montgomery

131. *A mourning Class.*

A mourning class, a vacant seat,
Tell us that one we loved to meet
Will join our youthful throng no more
Till all these changing scenes are o'er.

No more that voice we lov'd to hear
Shall fill the teacher's listening ear;
No more its tones shall join to swell
The songs that of a Savior tell.

God tells us, by this mournful death,
How vain and fleeting is our breath;
And bids our souls prepare to meet
The trial of his judgment-seat. Young Choir

132. *Hymn for Teachers.*

Thou who didst with love and blessing
Gather Zion's babes to thee,
Still a Savior's love expressing,
These, the babes of Zion, see;
Bless the labors
That would bring them up for thee.

Let no self-applauding feeling,
Naught of praise from mortals won,
O'er the heart infectious stealing,
Poison what our hands have done;
Raise the motives,
Sink the pride of every one.

Here, with humble fervor bending,
We thy blessing would entreat,
On the youthful heart descending;
Make the toils of learning sweet;
Still to Zion
Guide the young disciple's feet.

133. *The Lord's Prayer.*

Our Father and our sov'reign Lord,
Enthron'd in heaven above;
Thy name be hallow'd and ador'd,
For all thy name is love.

Thy kingdom come among our race;
And let thy will be done,
As in high heaven thy dwelling-place,
By all beneath the sun.

Our daily bread each day bestow,
That we may eat and live:
As we to others mercy show,
Do thou our sins forgive.

O keep us from temptation's hour;
From every harm defend:
Thine is the kingdom, thine the power,
Thine glory without end. Child's Comp.

134. *Family Love.*

How charming and pleasant to see
A family dwelling in love,
Where brothers and sisters agree,
All gentle and meek as a dove.

Should ever contention arise,
Yet never in malice they live;
While love is the spring of their joys
They soon will forget and forgive.

Then O how displeasing the sight,
When children, with anger and rage,
Like tigers will quarrel and fight,
And none can their anger assuage.

But blest is the peaceable heart
Where Jesus will make his abode,
Will more of his likeness impart,
And finally bring it to God.

135. *Before reading the Scriptures.*

Open, Lord, our understanding
To receive thy holy word;
May thy heavenly grace descending,
Inward light to us afford.
Heavenly teacher!
May our minds with truth be stored.

If thy Spirit do not teach us,
Drawing darkness from the heart,
Vainly teachers strive to aid us,
Thou alone the Teacher art.
Heavenly Father!
Thou canst light and truth impart.

136. *Morning Hymn.*

Dark night away hath roll'd,
Glad birds are soaring high,
The sun with rays of gold
Looks from the dazzling sky.

Teach me to thank the power
Whose hand sustains us all,
Who on each fragrant flower
Bids dews of mercy fall.

O raise my heart above,
Where heavenly hosts adore;
I'll praise thee for thy love,
And count thy mercies o'er.

Sigourney.

137. *Evening Worship of a Family.*

O Lord, another day is flown,
And we, a lonely band,
Are met once more before thy throne,
To bless thy fost'ring hand.

And wilt thou bend a list'ning ear
To praises low as ours?
Thou wilt--for thou dost love to hear
The song which meekness pours.

And, Jesus, thou thy smiles wilt deign,
As we before thee pray,
For thou didst bless the infant train,
And we are weak as they.

And thou wilt turn our wandering feet
And bless us on our way,
Till worlds shall fade and faith shall greet
The dawn of lasting day. H. K. White.

138. *Morning and Evening Hymn.*

My God! how endless is thy love!
Thy gifts are every evening new,
And morning mercies from above
Gently distil like early dew.

Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great guardian of my sleeping hours!
Thy sovereign word restores the light
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

I yield my powers to thy command,
To thee I consecrate my days;
Perpetual blessings from thy hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise. Watts

139. *Birth-day Hymn.*

My years roll on, and still I glide,
In hope of safety, down the tide:
Awake, my soul! awake and sing,
How good thy God, how great thy King!

My years roll on! the stream of time
Bears me through many a changing clime;
I've summers, winters, heat and cold,
And joys and sorrows, often told.

My years roll on! then let me know
The great design for which they flow;
And as my bark floats o'er the wave,
Thy child, O Lord, in mercy save!

My years roll on! and as they roll,
O may they waft my ransom'd soul
Safe through life's ocean, to yon shore
Where sins and sorrows grieve no more.

Legh Richmond.

140. *The Parent—for his Child.*

My child, I fain would have thee know
The God whom angels love,
And live a life on earth below
Akin to theirs above.

O when thy lisping tongue shall read
Of truths divinely sweet,
May'st thou, a little child indeed,
Sit down at Jesus' feet.

'Tis mine to move the ear, the eye,—
But ah! the inward part,—
O heav'nly Spirit! mark the sigh
That trembles through my heart:

Break with the power of grace divine
The reign of passions wild;
On this dark heart in mercy shine,
And sanctify my child.

141. *Obedience to Parents and Teachers*

Let children that would fear the Lord,
Hear what their teachers say;
With rev'rence meet their parent's word,
And with delight obey.

Judgments that fill the soul with awe,
Are written by the Lord,
For him that breaks his father's law,
Or mocks his mother's word.

But those who worship God and give
Their parents honor due,
The blessings of this life receive,
And life hereafter too. Watts.

142. *Meeting for Charity.*

Little rain-drops feed the rill,
  Rills to meet the brooklet glide,
Brooks the broader rivers fill,
  Rivers swell the ocean's tide:
Ocean that with solemn note
  Proudly rears a foaming crest,
While the mightiest navies float
  Lightly o'er its billowy breast.
So the dew-drops gather'd here,
  Mites from willing childhood's hand,
Shall those streams of bounty cheer
  That with greenness clothe the land;
With that sea of love shall blend
  Which the Gospel's grace doth pour,
And the name of Jesus send
  E'en to earth's remotest shore.

Sigourney.

143. *Spring.*

Hark! how the feather'd warblers sing!
  'Tis nature's cheerful voice;
Soft music hails the lovely spring,
  And woods and fields rejoice.

Then let my wond'ring heart confess,
With gratitude and love,
The bounteous hand that deigns to bless
The garden, field and grove.

O God of nature and of grace,
Thy heavenly gifts impart,
And bid sweet meditation trace
Spring blooming in my heart. Steele.

144. *(The same subject.)*

Pleasing spring again is here!
Trees and fields in bloom appear.
Hark! the birds, with artless lays,
Warble their Creator's praise.

Lord, afford a spring to me!
Let me feel like what I see.
Ah! my winter has been long,
Chill'd my hopes, suppress'd my song.

How the soul in winter mourns,
Till the Lord, the Sun, returns!
Till the Spirit's gentle rain
Bids the heart revive again!

O beloved Savior, haste!
Tell me all the storms are past;
Speak, and by thy gracious voice
Make my drooping soul rejoice. Young Choir.

145. *National Blessings.*

To thee, our Father and our Friend,
Our hymns of praise shall rise:
O from the heavenly courts descend
And bless the sacrifice!

While through our land fair freedom's song
Our fathers raise to thee,
Our accents shall the notes prolong,
For we, their sons, are free!

The past with blessings from thy hand
Was richly scatter'd o'er,
As num'rous as the countless sand
That spreads the ocean shore.

O may the future be as bright,
Nor be thy favors less,
Resplendent with the glorious light
Of peace and happiness.

On earth prepare us for the skies;
And when our life is o'er,
Let us to purer mansions rise,
And praise thee evermore. Young Choir.

146. *Recovery from Sickness.*

My God, thy service well demands
The remnant of my days;
Why was this fleeting breath renew'd
But to renew thy praise?

Thine arms of everlasting love
Did this weak frame sustain,
When health and life both ebb'd apace
From ev'ry sinking vein.

Back from the borders of the grave
At thy command I come:
Now would I urge a speedier flight
To my celestial home.

Where thou appointest my abode,
There would I choose to be:
For, in thy presence, death is life,
And earth is heaven, with thee.

147. *The value of Time.*

If idly spent, no art or care
  Time's blessing can restore;
And God requires a strict account
  For ev'ry misspent hour.

Short is our longest day of life,
  And soon the prospect ends,
Yet on that day's uncertain date
  Eternity depends. Poems for the Young.

148. *Uncertainty of Life.*

To-morrow, Lord, is thine,
  Lodg'd in thy sov'reign hand;
And if its sun arise and shine,
  It shines by thy command.

The present moment flies,
  And bears our life away;
O make thy servants truly wise,
  That they may live to-day.

One thing demands our care,
  O be it still pursued!
Lest, slighted once, the season fair
  Should never be renew'd.

To Jesus may we fly
  Swift as the morning light,
Lest life's young golden beams should die
  In sudden, endless night. Doddridge.

149. *Upon Life.*

Lord, what is life?—'Tis like a flower
  That blossoms and is gone:
We see it flourish for an hour,
  With all its beauty on;
But death comes like a wintry day,
And cuts the pretty flower away.

Lord, what is life?—'Tis like the bow
  That glistens in the sky:
We love to see its colors glow,
  But while we look they die:
Life fails as soon; to-day 'tis here;
To-night, perhaps, 'twill disappear.

Six thousand years are pass'd away
  Since life began at first,
And millions, once alive and gay,
  Are dead, and in the dust;

For life, in all its health and pride,
Has death still waiting at its side.

Lord, what is life?—If spent with thee
In duty, praise and prayer,
However long or short it be,
We need but little care;
Because eternity will last
When life, and even death are past.

Hymns for Infant Minds.

150. *Time is Flying.*

How long sometimes a day appears!
And weeks, how long are they!
Months move along as if the years
Would never pass away.

But months and years are passing by,
And soon must all be gone;
For day by day, as minutes fly,
Eternity comes on.

Days, months and years must have an end;
Eternity has none;
'Twill always have as long to spend
As when it first begun.

Great God, an infant cannot tell
How such a thing can be;
I only pray that I may dwell
That long, long time with thee.

Hymns for Infant Minds

151. *The Swiftness of Time.*

Swift as the winged arrow flies,
My time is hast'ning on;
Quick as the lightning from the skies,
My wasting moments run.

My follies past, O God, forgive;
My ev'ry sin subdue;
And teach me henceforth how to live,
With glory full in view.

Thanks, Lord, to thine unbounded grace.
That, in my early youth,
I have been taught to seek thy face
And know the way of truth.

O! let thy Spirit lead me still
Along the happy road;
Conform me to thy holy will,
My Father and my God.

152. *The tolling Bell.*

Oft as the bell, with solemn toll,
Speaks the departure of a soul,
Let each one ask himself, "Am I
"Prepar'd, should I be call'd to die?"

Lord Jesus! help me now to flee,
And place my hope alone in thee;
Apply thy blood, thy Spirit give,
Subdue my sin, and let me live.

Then when the solemn bell I hear,
If sav'd from guilt I need not fear:
Nor would the thought distressing be—
"Perhaps it next may toll for me!"

Rather my spirit would rejoice,
And long and wish to hear thy voice,
Glad when it bids me earth resign,
Secure of heaven, if thou art mine.

Newton.

153. *Eternity.*

The sun that lights the world shall fade,
The stars shall pass away;
And I, a child, immortal made,
Shall witness their decay.

Yes, I shall live when they are dead,
Though now so bright they shine;
When earth and all it holds have fled,
Eternity is mine.

For I can never, never die,
While God himself remains;
But I must live in heaven on high,
Or where deep darkness reigns.

If heaven and hell ne'er pass away,
To Christ, O let me flee;
If pain be hard for one short day,
What must *for ever* be!

154. *Meditation on Death.*

Why should I say, "'Tis yet too soon
"To seek for heaven, or think of death?"
A flow'r may fade before 'tis noon,
And I this day may lose my breath.

If this rebellious heart of mine
Despise the gracious calls of heaven,
I may be harden'd in my sin,
And never have repentance given.

What if Jehovah's anger burn
While I refuse his offer'd grace,
And all his love to fury turn,
And strike me dead upon the place!

'Tis dang'rous to offend a God
Whose power and vengeance none can tell:
One stroke of his almighty rod
Would send young sinners quick to hell.

Then 'twould for ever be in vain
To cry for pardon and for grace,
To wish I had my time again,
Or hope to see my Maker's face. Watts.

155. *Death of a young person.*

When blooming youth is snatch'd away
By death's resistless hand,
Our hearts the mournful tribute pay
Which pity must demand.

While pity prompts the rising sigh,
Oh may this truth, impress'd
With awful power, "I too must die,"
Sink deep in every breast.

The voice of this alarming scene
May ev'ry heart obey;
Nor be the heavenly warning vain
Which calls to watch and pray.

Oh let us fly, to Jesus fly,
Whose powerful arm can save;
Then shall our souls ascend on high
And triumph o'er the grave. Steele.

156. *Heaven and Hell.*

There is beyond the sky
A heaven of joy and love,
And holy children, when they die,
Go to that world above.

There is a dreadful hell
And everlasting pains,
Where sinners must with devils dwell
In darkness, fire and chains.

Can such a wretch as I
Escape this dreadful end?
And may I hope, whene'er I die,
I shall to heaven ascend?

Then I for grace will pray
While I have life and breath,
Lest I should be cut off to-day
And sent to endless death. Watts.

157. *Solemn thoughts on God and Death.*

There is a God that reigns above,
The Lord of heaven, and earth, and seas;
I fear his wrath, I ask his love,
And with my lips I sing his praise.

There is a law which he has writ
To teach us all what we must do;
My soul, to his commands submit,
For they are holy, just and true.

There is a Gospel rich in grace,
Whence sinners all their comforts draw:
Lord, I repent and seek thy face,
For I have often broke thy law.

There is an hour when I must die,
Nor can I tell how soon 'twill come;
For children younger far than I
Are call'd by death to hear their doom.

Let me improve the hours I have,
Before the day of grace is fled;
There's no repentance in the grave,
Nor pardon offer'd to the dead. Watts.

158. *Who will enter Heaven.*

O who are they that venture near
The throne of God to see?
Ten thousand happy ones, who here
Were children such as we.

Their infant spirits stay'd awhile
With tender friends below;
But death came early with a smile,
And glad they were to go.

Their sins the Savior wash'd away,
He made them white and clean;
They lov'd his word, they lov'd his day,
They lov'd him though unseen.

O may we travel as they trod
The path that leads to heaven,
And seek forgiveness from that God
Who hath their sins forgiven.

159. *"To die is gain."*

Oh let me die; for death "is gain,"
And life is loss, and sin is pain;
And heaven is pure, and praise is sweet,
And bliss is found at Jesus' feet;
And time's a shadow—let me die,
And "rise to immortality."

I would not here for ever stay,
Ling'ring the mournful hours away,
With scarce a friend, save one above—
The sinner's friend, whose name is love:
Fain would my soul *his* glory see
Who lived, and loved, and died for me.

Let me depart—'tis "better far"
To dwell where happy spirits are;
To feel that foes no more can harm,
Nor sin prevail, nor fears alarm,
Nor sorrow come with weeping eye;
Death is "far better"—let me die.

Youth's Mag.

160. *Judgment.*

And am I born to die?
To lay this body down?
And must my trembling spirit fly
Into a world unknown?

Wak'd by the trumpet's sound,
I from the grave must rise,
And see the Judge with glory crown'd,
And see the flaming skies.

I must from God be driven,
Or with my Savior dwell;
Must come at his command to heaven,
Or else depart to hell.

O thou that would'st not have
One wretched sinner die,
Who diedst thyself my soul to save
From endless misery;

Show me the way to shun
Thy dreadful wrath severe;
That when thou comest on thy throne
I may with joy appear.

Lutheran Collection.

161. *Watch and Pray.*

Go watch and pray, thou canst not tell
How near thine hour may be;
Thou canst not know how soon the bell
May toll its notes for thee:
Death's countless snares beset thy way;
Frail child of dust! go watch and pray.

Fond youth, while free from blighting care,
Does thy firm pulse beat high?
Do hope's glad visions, bright and fair,
Dilate before thine eye?
Soon these must change, must pass away;
Frail child of dust! go watch and pray.

Spiritual Songs.

162. *Children at the Gate of Heaven.*

Little travellers Zionward,
Each one entering into rest,
In the kingdom of your Lord,
In the mansions of the blest:
There, to welcome, Jesus waits,
Gives the crowns his followers win.
Lift your heads, ye golden gates!
Let the little travellers in!

Who are they, whose little feet,
Pacing life's dark journey through,
Now have reach'd that heavenly seat
They had ever kept in view?
"I from Greenland's frozen strand;"
"I from India's sultry plain;"
"I from Afric's barren sand;"
"I from islands of the main."

"All our earthly journey past,
"Every tear and pain gone by,
"Here together met at last,
"At the portal of the sky,
"Each the welcome 'COME' awaits,
"Conquerors over death and sin."
Lift your heads, ye golden gates!
Let the little travellers in! James Edmeston.

163. *Souls of Children.*

Millions of children live and die,
Whose names the world shall never hear;
On with the busy crowd they ply
Their humble toils from year to year;

And when the busy crowd shall go
To rest, their quiet graves within,
How few their dying days shall know!
How few remember they have been!

Kings do not miss them, nor the great,
For others rise their ranks to fill;
But yet upon their low estate
One gracious eye is resting still—
One gracious eye is resting now,
Though lost amid the living throngs,
The King of glory deigns to bow,
Well pleas'd to listen to their songs.

A human soul! how great the worth!
The price what mine of gold shall pay!
Poor should we be to gain the earth
And give one human soul away!
For this the Savior left his throne,
The costly price he knew, and paid;
And he the youngest child will own
Who feels its worth and seeks his aid.

O Savior! make our hearts sincere,
While thus upon thy name we call,

And pray for grace to serve thee here,
And then for glory after all.
Thou knowest, Lord, what heaven must be,
And what the pangs of endless pain;
Our helpless souls look up to thee,
That hell to shun—that heaven to gain.

Mrs. Gilbert.

164. *Success of the Gospel.*

The morning light is breaking,
The darkness disappears;
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears;
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar,
Of nations in commotion,
Prepar'd for Zion's war.

Rich dews of grace come o'er us
In many a gentle shower,
And brighter scenes before us
Are opening every hour;
Each prayer that's upward flowing
Abundant answers brings,
And heavenly gales are blowing
With peace upon their wings.

See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners now confessing,
The Gospel call obey,
And seek the Savior's blessing,
A nation in a day.

Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thy onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy fulness stay—
Stay not, till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home;
Stay not, till all the holy
Proclaim the Lord has come.

Revival Melodies

165. *"Come over and Help us."*

Hark! what mean those lamentations
Rolling sadly through the sky?
'Tis the cry of heathen nations—
"Come and help us, or we die!"

Hear the heathens' sad complaining,
Christians, hear their dying cry!
And the love of Christ constraining,
Join to help them, ere they die! Cawood.

166. *The Gospel Triumphant.*

When shall the voice of singing
Flow joyfully along;
When hill and valley ringing
With one triumphant song,

Proclaim the contest ended,
And him who once was slain,
Again to earth descended,
In righteousness to reign?

Then from the lofty mountains
The sacred shout shall fly,
And shady vales and fountains
Shall echo the reply:

High tower and lowly dwelling
Shall send the chorus round,
All hallelujah swelling
In one eternal sound.

Then shall the voice of singing
Flow joyfully along,
And all the earth be ringing
With one triumphant song. Edmeston.

167. *Darkness in Palestine.*

Night wraps the land where Jesus spoke,
No guiding star the wise men see;
And heavy is oppression's yoke
Where first the Gospel said, be free.

And where the harps of angels bore
Heaven's message to the shepherd throng,
Good will and peace are heard no more
To murmur Bethlehem's vales along.

Send forth, send forth the glorious light
That from eternal wo doth save,
And bid Christ's heralds speed their flight,
Ere millions find a hopeless grave.

Behold the knee of childhood bends
In prayer for that benighted land,
And with its Sabbath lesson blends
Fond memory of the mission band.

With pitying zeal, oe'r ocean's wave
We reach, the helpless hand to take;
O may we but one wanderer save!
We ask it for a Savior's sake.

Sigourney.

168. *Missionary.*

Now we hail the happy dawning
Of the Gospel's glorious light;
May it take the wings of morning
And dispel the shades of night:
Blessed Savior,
Let our eyes behold the sight.

Where, amid the desert dreary,
Plant, nor shrub, nor flow'ret grows,
There refresh the wanderer weary,
With the sight of Sharon's rose;
And its beauties
To the longing eye disclose.

Oh, let all the world adore thee—
Universal be thy fame;
Kings and subjects fall before thee,
And extol thy matchless name;
All ascribing
Endless praises to the Lamb.

169. *Jubilee.*

Wake the song of jubilee,
Let it echo o'er the sea!
Let it sound from shore to shore,
Jesus reigns for evermore.

Now the desert lands rejoice,
And the islands join their voice;
Now the whole creation sings,
Jesus is the King of kings! Bacon.

170. *The Gospel Banner.*

Now be the Gospel banner
In every land unfurl'd;
And be the shout hosanna
Re-echo'd thro' the world:
Till every isle and nation,
Till every tribe and tongue
Receive the great salvation,
And join the happy throng.

Yes, thou shalt reign for ever,
O Jesus, King of kings!
Thy light, thy love, thy favor,
Each ransom'd captive sings:

The isles for thee are waiting,
The deserts learn thy praise,
The hills and valleys greeting,
The song responsive raise.

171. *Departure of a Missionary.*

Roll on, thou mighty ocean,
And as thy billows flow,
Bear messengers of mercy
To every land below.

Arise, ye gales, and waft them
Safe to the destin'd shore,
That man may sit in darkness
And death's dark shade no more.

O thou, eternal Ruler,
Who holdest in thine arm
The tempests of the ocean,
Protect them from all harm.

O be thy presence with them
Wherever they may be;
Though far from us who love them,
O be they still with thee! Edmeston.

FOR YOUNG CHILDREN.

172. *On awaking in the Morning.*

Now I awake and see the light,
'Tis God who kept me through the night:
To him I lift my voice and pray
That he will keep me through the day.
And when my work on earth is done,
O God, accept me, through thy Son.

173. *For a Young Child.*

Lord, teach a little child to pray,
And O accept my prayer!
Thou hearest all the words I say,
For thou art everywhere.

A little sparrow cannot fall
Unnoticed, Lord, by thee;
And though I am so young and small,
Thou carest still for me.

Teach me to do whate'er is right,
And when I sin, forgive;
And make it still my chief delight
To love thee while I live.

174. *Asking Direction.*

Jesus, let a little child
Humbly at thy footstool pray;
Thou who art so meek and mild,
Stoop and teach me what to say.

Show me what I ought to be,
Make me every evil shun;
Ever may I look to thee,
Ever in thy footsteps run.

Jesus, all my sins forgive,
Make me lowly, pure in heart;
For thy glory may I live,
And at death go where thou art.

175. *Blessing on Instruction.*

Holy Jesus, lo, I stand,
Thankful for thy kind command,
That the young and weak should be
Fed and nurtur'd, Lord, for thee.

Blessings, Lord, vouchsafe to give
On the teaching I receive;
Let me be a child of thine,
Sweetly led by love divine.

Lamb of God, thy love impart,
Guide by love my erring heart;
So may I submissive prove,
Willing to be ruled by love.

Holy Shepherd of thy sheep,
Kindly me in safety keep;
Make me truly meek and mild,
All my days a little child.

176. *How to Pray aright.*

I often say my prayers,
But do I ever pray?
Or do the wishes of my heart
Suggest the words I say?

'Tis useless to implore
Unless I feel my need—
Unless 'tis from a sense of want
That all my prayers proceed.

Lord, teach me what I want,
And teach me how to pray;
Nor let me e'er implore thy grace
Not feeling what I say.

Cottager's Visiter.

177. *Morning Hymn.*

Through thy protecting care,
Kept till the dawning,
Taught to draw near in prayer,
Heed we the warning:
O thou great One in Three,
Gladly our souls would be
Evermore praising thee,
God of the morning!

God of our sleeping hours,
Watch o'er us, waking;
All our imperfect powers
In thine hands taking!
In us thy work fulfil,
Be with thy children still,
Those who obey thy will
Never forsaking! Youth's Mag.

178. *Infant Praise.*

Humble praises, holy Jesus,
Infant voices raise to thee;
In thy arms, O Lord, receive us,
Suffer us thy lambs to be.

Thanks to thee, O God, who gave us
Thy beloved Son to die;
From eternal death to save us:
Glory be to God on high.

179. *God our Father.*

Great God! and wilt thou be so kind
The comfort of a child to mind?
I a poor child, and Thou so high,
The Lord of earth and air and sky?

Art thou my Father? wilt thou hear
My feeble and imperfect prayer?
Or stoop to listen to the praise
That such a child as I can raise?

Art thou my Father? let me be
A meek, obedient child to thee:
And try, in word and deed and thought,
To serve and please thee as I ought.

Art thou my Father? I'll depend
Upon the care of such a Friend;
And only wish to do and be
Whatever seemeth good to thee.

Art thou my Father? then at last,
When all my days on earth are past,
Send down and take me in thy love,
To be thy better child above.

Hymns for Infant Minds.

180. *Morning.*

Up, in the morning, up, my child,
See the sun how bright and mild!
Now another day is given
By our Lord in heaven:
Now when the morning air you feel,
To your heavenly Keeper kneel.

Praise to the Lord for morning light,
Praise for safety through the night,
While the birds are singing all,
On the Lord we call:
Thus in the morning we will praise
Our Redeemer all our days.

Nursery Songs.

181. *Jesus loves a little Child.*

I know 'tis Jesus loves my soul,
And makes the wounded sinner whole;
My nature is by sin defil'd,
Yet Jesus loves a little child.

How kind is Jesus, O, how good!
'Twas for my soul he shed his blood;
For children's sake he was revil'd,
For Jesus loves a little child.

When I offend by thought or tongue,
Omit the right or do the wrong,
If I repent. he's reconcil'd,
For Jesus loves a little child.

To me may Jesus now impart,
Although so young, a gracious heart;
Alas, I'm oft by sin defil'd,
Yet Jesus loves the little child.

My Little Hymn Book

182. *On Recovering from Sickness.*

I thank the Lord, who lives on high,
Who heard an infant pray,
And heal'd me that I should not die,
And took my pains away.

O let me love and serve thee too,
While here on earth I live;
And every evil thing I do,
For Jesus' sake forgive.

Hymns for Infant Minds.

183. *Morning Prayer.*

O Lord, through thy indulgent care,
In peace I laid me down;
And now thy soft, bright beams of love
My waking moments crown.

No sad alarm my slumbers broke,
No terror, fear, or dread;
No sickness seized my tender frame,
Nor flames came round my bed.

Preserve me from all ill, I pray,
And guide me with thine eye;
And grant that through the passing day
I may on thee rely.

Lord, condescend to aid a child
To praise the Savior's love;
O let me live to thee below.
And dwell with thee above.

Child's Book of Dev.

184. *Morning.*

Serene I laid me down
  Beneath my Guardian's care;
I slept—and I awoke and found
  My kind Preserver near.

O how shall I repay
  The bounties of my God?
This feeble spirit pants beneath
  The pleasing, painful load.

My life I would anew
  Devote, O Lord, to thee;
And in thy service I would spend
  A long eternity. E. Scott.

185. *Before reading the Scriptures in the morning.*

Behold the sun, in splendor bright,
Dispels the darkness of the night;
So let the light of truth divine
Upon our souls reviving shine.

The glorious sun that makes the day,
And heaven and earth, shall pass away;
But every word of God is sure,
And shall for ever firm endure.

186. *Child's Evening Prayer.*

Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me!
Bless a little child to-night;
Through the darkness be thou near me,
Watch my sleep till morning light.

All this day thy hand has led me,
And I thank thee for thy care;
Thou hast cloth'd me, warm'd me, fed me,
Listen to my evening prayer.

Let my sins be all forgiven;
Bless the friends I love so well;
Take me, when I die, to heaven,
Happy there with thee to dwell.

M. L. Duncan.

187. *An Evening Hymn.*

Lord, I have pass'd another day,
And come to thank thee for thy care:
Forgive my faults in work and play,
And listen to my evening prayer.

Thy favor gives me daily bread,
And friends who all my wants supply;
And safely now I rest my head,
Preserv'd and guarded by thine eye.

Look down in pity, and forgive
  Whate'er I've said or done amiss;
And help me every day I live
  To serve thee better than in this.

Now, while I speak, be pleased to take
  A helpless child beneath thy care;
And condescend, for Jesus' sake,
  To listen to my evening prayer.

Hymns for Infant Minds.

188. *Retiring to Rest.*

Lord, with redeeming mercy blest,
I lay me down to take my rest;
For thou who sav'st my soul from death,
Wilt surely watch my fleeting breath.

Now darkness shades the distant hill,
The little birds are mute and still,
And earth a safe repose may take,
For earth's Creator is awake.

'Tis sweet, upon my lowly bed,
To think my Savior guards my head;
And his young helpless charge will keep
Through all the silent hours of sleep.

Dear Lord, my head must soon be laid
In some cold grave beneath the shade;
But wherefore should I fear to die,
Since death has lost the victory?

Yes, Jesus conquer'd even death,
Which can but take this feeble breath—
My soul shall live, and rise and sing
The praises of my glorious King.

Charlotte Elizabeth.

189. *Family Hymn.*

Now condescend, almighty King,
To bless this little throng,
And kindly listen while we sing
Our grateful evening song.

We come to own the power divine
That watches o'er our days;
For this our feeble voices join,
And give to God the praise.

May we in safety sleep to-night,
From every danger free;
For, Lord, the darkness and the light
Are both alike to thee.

And when the rising sun displays
His cheerful beams abroad,
Then may our grateful hymns of praise
Declare thy goodness, Lord.

Hymns for Infant Minds

190. *Evening.*

O how my childhood runs to waste!
My sins, how great their sum!
Lord, give me pardon for the past,
And strength for days to come.

I lay my body down to sleep,
Let angels guard my head,
And through the hours of darkness keep
Their watch around my bed.

With cheerful heart I close my eyes,
Since thou wilt not remove;
And in the morning let me rise
Rejoicing in thy love. Watts.

191. *Evening Praise.*

Father! hear our song this even,
Bend in mercy from thy throne,

While we join the choir of heaven,
Praising thee, and thee alone.
Glory, honor, power be given
To the Father, Spirit, Son.

Little children kneel before thee,
In the joy thy word affords;
Earth, and air, and sea adore thee,
King of kings and Lord of lords!
For thy mercy we implore thee,
King of kings and Lord of lords!

Have us in thy holy keeping,
Thou who reign'st in light divine,
Guard us while this night we're sleeping,
Till the beams of morning shine:
Praise for ever, where's no weeping,
Maker, Savior, shall be thine.

Union Mel.

192. *For a Blessing on the Truth.*

O God! by whom the seed is given,
By whom the harvest blest,
Whose word, like manna shower'd from heaven
Is planted in our breast.

Preserve it from the passing feet,
And plunderers of the air,
The sultry sun's intenser heat,
And thorns of worldly care.

Though buried deep, or thinly strown,
Do thou thy grace supply;
And hope, in earthly furrows sown,
Shall ripen in the sky. Heber.

193. *The Orphan's Hymn.*

My Father and my Friend, to thee
I lift my weeping eye,
For thou canst wash away my tears,
And all my wants supply.

No tender mother's gentle smile
Each morn awaits me now;
No more the fond maternal kiss
Is press'd upon my brow.

No longer in her arms of love
I lay me down to rest,
Secure and peaceful as the dove
Within its shelter'd nest.

An orphan in the cold wide world,
Dear Lord, I come to thee;
Thou, Father of the fatherless,
My Friend and Father be!

O guide and guard me by thy grace,
And make my heart thy own,
And fit me for that happy place
Where partings are unknown.

Child's Pr. and Hy. Book

194. *Before Meals.*

As oft I break my daily bread,
Or plentiful or scant,
O may I ne'er forget to spread
The board of humbler want.

And as my temperate cup I take
With fervent gratitude,
May that glad act the memory wake
Of Christ's atoning blood.

M. A. Porter

195. *Another.*

Parent of good, whose plenteous grace
O'er all thy creatures flows,
Look down in mercy now and bless
The food thy love bestows.

Thy goodness spreads the wholesome feast;
A second gift impart:
Give us with joy our food to taste,
And with a grateful heart.

Let it for thee new life afford,
For thee our strength repair,
Blest by thine all-sustaining word,
And sanctified by prayer. Occom's Hymns.

196. *After Meals.*

Blest be the God whose tender care
Prevents his children's cry,
Whose goodness doth the feast prepare,
And all our wants supply.

Who freely from his bounteous store
These welcome gifts imparts,
And gives our food the secret power
To feed and cheer our hearts.

Lord, when shall we regain the skies,
And there thy sweetness prove?
Where fulness of delight shall rise,
And all our food be love. Occom's Hymns.

197. *Gratitude for Health.*

How gracious is my God,
Who gives me more than wealth,
And more than mortals could bestow,
The precious gift of health.

That health I would devote
To spread his praise abroad,
And all my youthful powers employ
To love and serve my God.

198. *Walking out.*

While drinking in the healthful air,
While gazing on the earth and sky,
Lord, let my heart the influence share
Which nerves my frame and fills mine eye.
Let rapture wake the grateful glow,
Till thou alone my worship be!
Since all that nature can bestow,
Of bliss or beauty, flows from thee.

M. A. Porter

MISCELLANEOUS.

199. *When and how to Pray.*

Go when the morning shineth,
  Go when the moon is bright,
Go when the eve declineth,
  Go in the hush of night;
Go with pure mind and feeling,
  Cast earthly thought away,
And in thy chamber kneeling,
  Do thou in secret pray.

Remember all who love thee,
  All who are lov'd by thee;
Pray too for those who hate thee,
  If any such there be;
Then for thyself in meekness
  A blessing humbly claim,
And link with each petition
  The dear Redeemer's name.

Hymns for the Vestry and Fireside.

200. *The Ark and Dove.*

There was a noble ark,
Sailing o'er waters dark
And wide around;
Not one tall tree was seen,
Nor flower, nor leaf of green—
All, all was drown'd.

Then a soft wing was spread,
And o'er the billows dread
A meek dove flew;
But on that shoreless tide
No living thing she spied
To cheer her view.

So to the ark she fled,
With weary, drooping head,
To seek for rest:—
Christ is the ark, my love,
Thou art the tender dove,
Fly to his breast. Sigourney.

201. *The Search after Rest.*

When first the dove, afar and wide,
Skimm'd the dark waters o'er,

To seek beyond the heaving tide
A green and peaceful shore
No leafy bough nor life-like thing
Rose 'mid the swelling main—
The lone bird sought, with faltering wing,
The hallow'd ark again.

And ever thus man's heart hath trac'd
A lone and weary round;
But never yet, amid earth's waste,
A resting-place hath found.
The peace for which his spirit yearns,
Is ever sought in vain,
Till, like the dove, it homeward turns,
And finds its God again. S. Cunningham.

202. *Compassion and Forgiveness.*

I hear the voice of wo!
I hear a brother's sigh!
Then let my heart with pity flow,
With tears of love my eye.

I hear the thirsty cry!
The hungry beg for bread!
Then let my spring its stream supply,
My hand its bounty shed.

Shall not my wrath relent,
Touch'd by that humble strain,
My brother crying, "I repent,
"Nor will offend again?"

If not, how shall I dare
Appear before thy face,
Great God, and how present the prayer
For thy forgiving grace? Enfield.

203. *The Savior's Love.*

Have you made the Lord your choice?
Can you in his word rejoice?
Then lift up your heart and voice,—
Praise his boundless love.

See! his face is reconcil'd:
Hark! he speaks in accents mild,
"Come, and learn of me, my child!"
O what wondrous love.

Soft and easy is his sway,
Pleasant in his fold to stay,
Sweet his precepts to obey,
Sweet to sing his love.

While eternal ages roll,
While his word shall heaven control,
While I bear a thinking soul,
I will sing his love. F. M. C.

204. *"Give me thy heart."*

Hear ye not a voice from heaven,
To the list'ning spirit given?
Children, come! it seems to say,
Give your hearts to me to-day.

Sweet as is a mother's love,
Tender as the heavenly Dove,
Thus it speaks a Savior's charms;
Thus it wins us to his arms.

Lord, we will remember thee
While from pains and sorrows free,
While our day is in its dew,
And the clouds of life are few.

Then, when night and age appear,
Thou wilt chase each doubt and fear;
Thou our glorious Leader be,
When the stars shall fade and flee.

Now to thee, O Lord! we come,
In our morning's early bloom:
Breathe on us thy grace divine;
Touch our hearts and make them thine.

F. M. C

205. *Happy Death.*

Long let the breathing music float
That soothes the dying child to rest,
And gently swell each rising note
That wafts it to the Savior's breast.

O when the youthful christian dies,
How soft the strains that angels raise!
At rest on their bright wings he lies
And learns their thrilling notes of praise

Sweet is his Savior's welcome there,
And sweet the voice that bids him rest:—
O let me live a life so fair,
O let me die a death so blest! F. M. C.

206. *Mary at Jesus' feet.*

To hear the Savior's word
The gentle Mary came;
Low at his feet she sat and heard
Sweet mention of her name.

She chose the better part,
The one bright pearl she found:
May we, with Mary's constant heart,
In Mary's grace abound.

Like her, we look above,
To learn our Savior's will;
The droppings of his lips we love,
And would his word fulfil.

Look down, O Lord of love,
This band of children see;
Among them with thy Spirit move,
And set the captives free.

Speak, as to Mary thou
Didst speak in Galilee;
Call us by name, our hearts shall bow
And, melting, flow to thee. F. M. C.

207. *The two Pilgrims.*

Two little pilgrims on their way,
I met upon life's road one day:
One wish'd for earthly pleasures given,
The other ask'd the way to heaven.

O happy was the child who trod
The path that upward leads to God!
Thrice happy! for the Savior's voice
Allured him on and blest his choice.

But ah! that poor mistaken one,
Who chose the fatal race to run!
I saw him tread on ruin's verge,
And heard below the roaring surge.

How low he fell I could not see:
Haste thou, the path of danger flee:
These pilgrims and their choice survey,
Behold their end, and choose thy way.

F. M. C

208. *The Sparrow.*

Who form'd the little sparrow,
And gave him wings to fly?
Who shields him from the arrow
When flying in the sky?
Our Father God, who reigns in heaven,
By whom are all our blessings given.

And who so gently leads him
Far from the fowler's snare?

And who so kindly feeds him,
And shows such tender care?
Our Father God, who stoops to show
His grace to creatures here below.

And who a dress provides him,
So beautiful and warm?
Who in the shelter hides him,
Amid the raging storm?
Our Father God extends his care
Through heaven and earth and sea and air

Does God full many a favor
To little sparrows give?
And shall we not endeavor
By faith on him to live?
Our Father God, who reigns above,
Is worthy of our highest love.

209. *Youth's Trials.*

Placed on the verge of youth, my mind
Life's opening scene survey'd;
I view'd its ills of various kinds,
Afflicted and afraid.

O how shall I, with heart prepar'd,
Those terrors learn to meet?
How from the thousand snares to guard
My inexperienced feet?

Let faith suppress each rising fear,
Each anxious doubt exclude;
My Maker's will has placed me here,
A Maker wise and good.

He to my every trial knows
Its just restraint to give,
Attentive to behold my woes,
And faithful to relieve.

Though griefs unnumber'd throng thee round,
Still in thy God confide,
Whose finger marks the seas their bound,
And curbs the rolling tide. Merrick.

210. *The Dew-drop.*

The dew-drop on the green,
From hue to hue still ranges;
Its color scarce is seen,
Ere instantly it changes.

'Tis now the ruby bright,
But soon that tint declining,
Again it cheats the sight,
A yellow topaz shining.

Then darting round its rays,
With clear and brilliant light,
It glitters to the view,
Like purest diamonds bright.

And what but drops of dew
Are honor, wealth and pleasure,
That mock the dazzled view
With semblances of treasure?

Let not such glittering toys
The immortal soul entice;
True treasure only lies
In one great pearl of price.

211. *Pilgrim.*

Whither goest thou, pilgrim stranger,
Wand'ring through this lonely vale?
Know'st thou not 'tis full of danger,
And will not thy courage fail?

"Pilgrim thou hast justly call'd me,
"Passing through a waste so wide;
"But no harm will e'er befall me
"While I'm bless'd with such a guide."

Such a guide!—no guide attends thee,
Hence for thee my fears arise:
If some guardian power befriends thee,
'Tis unseen by mortal eyes.

"Yes, unseen, but still believe me,
"I have near me such a friend;
"He'll in every strait relieve me,
"He will guide me to the end."

Pilgrim, see that stream before thee,
Darkly winding through the vale;
Should its deadly waves roll o'er thee,
Would not then thy courage fail?

"No, that stream has nothing frightful,
"To its brink my steps I'll bend;
"Thence to plunge will be delightful,
"There my pilgrimage will end."

While I gaz'd, with speed surprising,
Down the stream she plunged from sight;
Gazing still, I saw her rising,
Like an angel clothed in light.

212. *Solomon's Choice.*

King Solomon, of old,
A happy choice had made;
'Twas not for life, 'twas not for gold,
Nor honor that he pray'd.

He chose that better part
That leads to heavenly joys,
A wise and understanding heart—
And God approv'd the choice.

Far better than his crown
And all his grand array,
That wisdom which the Lord sent down
To guide him on his way.

For grandeur, wealth and power
Must all their glories yield
To any little modest flower
That blossoms in the field.

And wisdom from above
Will teach us heavenly things;
How we may learn to fear and love
And serve the King of kings.

If this is what we seek,
We cannot ask amiss;
The youngest, poorest child may speak,
And ask the Lord for this.

213. *"My Father's at the Helm."*

The curling waves with awful roar
A little bark assail'd,
And pallid Fear's distracting power
O'er all on board prevail'd;

Save one,—the captain's darling child,
Who steadfast view'd the storm,
And cheerful, with composure smil'd
At danger's threat'ning form.

"Why sport'st thou thus," a seaman cried,
"While terrors overwhelm?"
"Why should I fear?" the boy replied,
"*My father's at the helm.*"

So when our worldly all is reft,
Our earthly helper gone,
We still have one true anchor left—
God helps, and he alone.

He to our prayers will bend an ear,
He gives our pangs relief;
He turns to smiles each trembling tear,
To joy each torturing grief.

Then turn to him mid sorrows wild,
When wants and woes o'erwhelm;
Rememb'ring, like the fearless child,
Our Father's at the helm.

214. *Humility.*

The bird that soars on highest wing,
Builds on the ground her lowly nest;
And she that doth most sweetly sing,
Sings in the shade when all things rest:
In lark and nightingale we see
What honor hath humility. Montgomery.

215. *Contentment.*

See the soft, green willow springing
Where the waters gently pass,

Every way her free arms flinging
O'er the moist and reedy grass.
Long ere winter's blasts are fled,
See her tipp'd with vernal red,
And her kindly flower display'd
Ere her leaf can cast a shade.

Though the rudest hand assail her,
Patiently she droops awhile,
But when showers and breezes hail her,
Wears again her willing smile.
Thus I learn Contentment's power,
From the slighted willow bower,
Ready to give thanks, and live
On the least that heaven may give. Keble.

216. *Self-Examination.*

Let no soft slumbers close my eyes
Before I've recollected thrice
The train of actions through the day:
Where have my feet mark'd out their way?
What have I learnt, where'er I've been,
From all I've heard, from all I've seen?
What know I more, that's worth the knowing?
What have I done, that's worth the doing?

What have I sought that I should shun?
What duties have I left undone,
Or into what new follies run?
These self-inquiries are the road
That leads to virtue and to God.

Watts, from the Greek of Pythagoras.

217. *For Seamen.*

On the stormy ocean,
Mid its wild commotion,
Helpless seaman! Heaven attend thee!
God befriend thee!

O'er life's ocean dreary,
Faint, forlorn and weary,
Helpless mortal! Heaven attend thee!
God befriend thee!

When no star smiles o'er thee,
Frowning waves before thee,
Child of sorrow! Heaven attend thee!
God befriend thee!

When the gloomy billow
Seems thy dying pillow,
Trembling spirit! Heaven attend thee!
God befriend thee! Juv. Sing. Sch.

218. *The Day of Life.*

The morning hours of cheerful light,
Of all the day are best;
But as they speed their hasty flight,
If every hour is spent aright,
We sweetly sink to sleep at night,
And pleasant is our rest.

And life is like a summer's day,
It seems so quickly past:
Youth is the morning bright and gay,
And if 'tis spent in wisdom's way,
We meet old age without dismay,
And death is sweet at last.

Hymns for Infant Minds.

219. *The Snow-Drop.*

Tell, if thou canst, how yonder flower
To life and light has burst its way,
Though ten long months beneath the ground
Its snowy petals torpid lay?

Then I will teach thee how a child
From death's long slumber can awake,
And to eternal life renew'd,
His robe of heavenly beauty take.

While from the dust, each circling year,
The snow-drop lifts its humble head,
Say, shall I doubt God's equal power
To call me from my lowly bed?

220. *The Lily of the Valley*

Come, my love, and do not spurn
From a little flower to learn:
See the lily on the bed,
Hanging down its modest head,
While it scarcely can be seen
Folded in its leaf of green.

Yet we love the lily well,
For its sweet and pleasant smell;
And would rather call it ours
Than full many gayer flowers:
Pretty lilies seem to be
Emblems of humility.

Come, my love, and do not spurn
From a little flower to learn:
Let your temper be as sweet
As the lily at your feet;
Be as gentle, be as mild;
Be a modest, simple child.

'Tis not beauty that we prize,
Like a summer flower it dies;
But humility will last
Fair and sweet when beauty's past:
And the Savior, from above,
Views a humble child with love.

Hymns for Infant Minds.

221. *Against Cruelty.*

Sweet it is to see a child
Tender, merciful and mild;
Ever ready to perform
Acts of mercy to a worm;
Grieving that the world should be
Thus a scene of misery;
Scene in which the creatures groan
For transgressions not their own.

If the creatures must be slain
Thankless sinners to sustain,
Such a child, methinks, will cry,
"Treat them gently when they die;
"Spare them, while they yield their breath;
"Double not the pains of death;

"Strike them not at such a time,
"God accounts the stroke a crime."

God is love, and never can
Love or bless a cruel man;
Mercy rules in every breast
Where his Spirit deigns to rest;
We ourselves to mercy owe
Our escape from endless wo;
And the merciless in mind
Shall themselves no mercy find.

222. *Against Quarrelling and Fighting.*

Let dogs delight to bark and bite,
For God hath made them so;
Let bears and lions growl and fight,
For 'tis their nature too.

But, children, you should never let
Such angry passions rise;
Your little hands were never made
To tear each other's eyes.

Let love through all your actions run,
And all your words be mild;
Live like the blessed virgin's Son,
That sweet and lovely child.

His soul was gentle as a lamb;
And as his stature grew,
He grew in favor both with man
And God his Father too.

Now Lord of all, he reigns above,
And from his heavenly throne,
He sees what children dwell in love,
And marks them for his own. Watts.

223. *Against Idleness and Mischief.*

How doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour,
And gather honey all the day
From every opening flower!

How skilfully she builds her cell!
How neat she spreads the wax!
And labors hard to store it well
With the sweet food she makes.

In works of labor or of skill
I would be busy too,
For Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do.

In books, or work, or healthful play,
Let my first years be past;
That I may give for every day
Some good account at last. Watts

224. *Against Vanity.*

How proud we are, how fond to show
Our clothes, and call them rich and new:
When the poor sheep and silk-worm wore
That very clothing long before!

The tulip and the butterfly
Appear in gayer coats than I:
Let me be drest fine as I will,
Flies, worms, and flowers exceed me still.

Then will I set my heart to find
Inward adornings of the mind;
Knowledge and virtue, truth and grace,
These are the robes of richest dress.

No more shall worms with me compare,
This is the raiment angels wear :
The Son of God, when here below,
Put on this blest apparel too.

It never fades, it ne'er grows old,
Nor fears the rain, nor moth, nor mould ;
It takes no spot, but still refines ;
The more 'tis worn the more it shines.

In this on earth would I appear,
Then go to heaven and wear it there ;
God will approve it in his sight,
'Tis his own work, and his delight. Watts.

225. *The little Child.*

I am a little child indeed,
And little do I know ;
I have not long been taught to read ;
But, as I older grow,
I hope I shall the wiser be
For all the pains bestow'd on me.

And though so young a child, I ought
To praise and love the Lord,

Who caus'd me early to be taught
To know his holy word;
That word which makes the simple wise,
And tells of joys above the skies.

For though I am a little one,
I have a soul to save—
A soul for which God's own dear Son
Himself a ransom gave;
And through his grace the hope is given
That I may dwell with him in heaven.

226. *Good Resolutions.*

Though I'm now in younger days,
Nor can tell what shall befall me,
I'll prepare for every place
Where my growing age shall call me.

Should I e'er be rich or great,
Others shall partake my goodness;
I'll supply the poor with meat,
Never showing scorn nor rudeness.

Where I see the blind or lame,
Deaf or dumb, I'll kindly treat them:

I deserve to feel the same,
If I mock, or hurt, or cheat them.

If I meet with railing tongues,
Why should I return them railing?
Since I best revenge my wrongs
By my patience never failing.

When I hear them telling lies,
Talking foolish, cursing, swearing,
First I'll try to make them wise,
Or I'll soon go out of hearing.

I'll not willingly offend,
Nor be easily offended:
What's amiss I'll strive to mend,
And endure what can't be mended. Watts.

227. *The Pearl.*

A little particle of rain
That from a passing cloud descended,
Was heard thus idly to complain:
"My brief existence now is ended;
"Outcast alike of earth and sky,
"Useless to live, unknown to die!"

It chanc'd to fall into the sea,
And there an open shell receiv'd it;
In after years, how rich was he
Who from its prison-house reliev'd it!
That drop of rain had form'd a gem
Fit for a monarch's diadem

228. *The Example of Birds.*

Ring-dove! resting benignly calm,
Tell my bosom thy secret balm.
Black-bird! straining thy tuneful throat,
Teach my spirit thy thankful note.
Small *Wren!* building thy happy nest,
Tell me where is a home of rest.
Eagle! cleaving the vaulted sky,
Teach my nature to soar as high.
Sky-lark! winging thy way to heaven,
Be thy track to my footsteps given.

229. *The Rainbow.*

Beautiful bow! in mercy given,
A token of love to earth from heaven:
When thou art beaming bright and fair,
May I ever behold the promise there!

Beautiful bow!—a brighter one
Is shining round the eternal throne;
And when life's fitful storm is o'er,
May we gaze on that bow for evermore.

230. *Bright little Star.*

Bright little star on evening's breast,
How beams thy golden light;
But fast thou'rt sinking in the west,—
Sweet little star, good night!

And I, when I have bent the knee
And rais'd my evening prayer
To Him who made both thee and me,
Shall to my rest repair.

And thinking on that brighter star
That once o'er Bethlehem rose,
And eastern sages led afar,
I'll sink to sweet repose.

And O, when I at last shall lie
In death's cold slumber down,
May then my spirit shine on high
A star in Jesus' crown. Sigourney.

231. *Questions and Answers.*

Who show'd the little ant the way
  Her narrow hole to bore,
And spend the pleasant summer day
  In laying up her store?

The sparrow builds her skilful nest
  Of wool, and hay, and moss;
Who told her how to weave it best
  And lay the twigs across?

Who taught the busy bee to fly
  Among the sweetest flowers,
And lay his store of honey by,
  To eat in winter hours?

'Twas God who show'd them all the way
  And gave their little skill,
And teaches children, if they pray,
  To do his holy will. Rhymes for the Nursery.

232. *The Church Bell.*

"Come, come to me!" the meek Redeemer cries;
"Come, come to Christ!" the echoing bell replies.

"Come, all ye weary, all ye heavy prest,
"Your burdens bring, and I will give you rest!"
Awake, my soul! leave thy soft bed and home,
And answering say, "I come, O Lord, I come!"

Wogan.

233. *Sacred Truth.*

Be sacred truth, my son, thy guide
Until thy dying day,
Nor turn a finger's breadth aside
From God's appointed way.

Thy heart shall then be free and light,
And, near the crystal spring,
Thy music be more gay and bright
Than where the wicked sing.

For O, no joy that man shall know
Who bears a guilty breast;
His conscience drives him to and fro,
And never lets him rest.

For him no vernal sunshine smiles,
No gales breathe softly round,
And in the grave, that home of rest,
No peace for him is found.

O then, be sacred truth thy guide
Until thy dying day;
Nor turn a finger's breadth aside
From God's appointed way. Juv. Sing. Sch.

234. *Singing.*

O thou our Savior, meek and mild,
Dear Shepherd, still our guardian be,
And aid a weak and lonely child
To find the narrow way to thee.

And as I go, with thee, my King,
Let me in psalms and hymns commune:
The speaking lip and quivering string,
And warbling breath to praise attune.

Help me with songs to fill the air;
To thee the sounding notes shall flow,
To thee my heart its love declare
In music soft and numbers low.

Sustain me, lead me by the hand,
As singing by the wayside still,
Bound for the everlasting land,
I travel up the heavenly hill. F. M. C.

235. *Young Musician's Hymn.*

Oft may the voice that thou hast given,
Thy praise, O Father, sing!
And oft my soul ascend to heaven
On music's rapturous wing.

To thee the soul-inspiring boon
My grateful voice restores;
The heavenly gift of time and tune
Back to the Giver soars.

For present blessings shower'd around,
For promis'd joys on high,
My warbling thoughts shall leave the ground,
And mount like larks the sky.

In hymn, and psalm, and holy song,
My heart to thee I'll raise;
Till with an angel's harp and tongue
I breathe angelic praise. F. M. C.

THE END.

INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

	Page.
Across the burning plains of sand,	102
A light our darkened steps to guide,	34
A little particle of rain,	227
All yesterday is gone,	109
Almighty God, thy piercing eye,	88
Almighty God of grace and love,	85
Among the deepest shades of night,	87
A mourning class, a vacant seat,	131
And am I born to die,	160
Arise, my soul, arise,	106
A sinner, Lord, behold I stand,	62
As Mary sat at Jesus' feet,	117
As oft I break my daily bread,	194
Awake, awake, your sleep forsake,	124
Beautiful bow, in mercy given,	229
Behold a stranger at the door,	58
Behold the sun in splendor bright,	185
Be sacred truth, my son, thy guide,	233
Blest are the pure in heart,	81
Blest be the God whose tender care,	196
Blest be the wisdom and the power,	24
Bright little star on evening's breast,	230
Bright was the guiding star that led,	36
By cool Siloam's shady rill,	56
By whom was David taught,	104

PAGE.

Called by the Sabbath bells away, . . 123
Children, hear the melting story, . . . 38
Children, listen to the Lord, . . . 48
Children of the heavenly King, . . . 37
Child of the earth, O lift thy glance, . . 27
Christ is merciful and mild, ... 26
Come, children, come, ... 52
Come, children, let us Jesus praise, . . 28
Come, come to me, the meek Redeemer cries, 232
Come let our voices join, ... 127
Come, my love, and do not spurn, . . 220
Come to Jesus, come away, ... 49
Daniel's wisdom may I know, . . . 110
Dark night away hath rolled, ... 136
Eternal source of life and light, . . . 60
Eternal Wisdom, thee we praise, . . . 16
Father, hear our song this even, . . . 191
Father, whate'er of earthly bliss, . . . 86
For a season called to part, . . . 129
From the regions of love, lo, an angel descended, 51
From year to year in love we meet, . . . 130
Gently, Lord, O gently lead us, . . . 78
Glory to God on high, ... 18
Glory to the Father give, ... 32
Go watch and pray, thou canst not tell, . . 161
Go when the morning shineth, . . . 199
Grace is a plant where'er it grows, . . . 44
Great God, and wilt thou be so kind, . . 179
Great God, I would not seek to know, . . 80
Great God, with wonder and with praise, . 107

PAGE.

Happy the child whose tender years, . . 43
Happy angels still ye dwell, . . . 25
Hark how the feathered warblers sing, . . 143
Hark the herald angels sing, . . . 21
Hark, what mean those lamentations, . . 165
Have you made the Lord your choice? . 203
Hear ye not a voice from heaven, . . . 204
Holy Bible, book divine, ... 96
Holy child, of heavenly birth, ... 82
Holy Jesus, lo, I stand, ... 175
How charming and pleasant to see, . . . 134
How doth the little busy bee, . . . 223
How fair was Aaron to the view, . . . 100
How fierce the lightning blazes, . . . 13
How glorious is our heavenly King, . . 3
How gracious is my God, ... 197
How happy are they, ... 6
How long sometimes a day appears, . . 150
How pleasing is the voice, ... 17
How proud are we, how fond of show, . 224
How shall the young secure their hearts, . . 97
How sweet is the Sabbath to me, . . 118
How sweet is the Sabbath, the morning of rest, 122
Humble praises, holy Jesus, ... 178
I am a little child indeed, ... 225
In all my vast concerns with thee, . . . 90
I'll go to the fields for some flowers, . . 19
I hear the voice of wo, ... 202
If idly spent, no art or care, . . . 147
I know 'tis Jesus loves my soul, . . . 181

PAGE

In life's gay morn, when sprightly youth, . 41
I often say my prayers, ... 176
I sing the mighty power of God, . . . 7
I thank the Lord who lives on high, . . 182
Jesus, and didst thou condescend, . . 105
Jesus Christ, my Lord and Savior, . . . 67
Jesus, guide of young beginners, . . . 29
Jesus, in sickness and in pain, ... 30
Jesus, Lord of life and glory, ... 4
Jesus, Savior, pity me, ... 75
Jesus, let a little child, ... 174
Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me, . . . 186
King Solomon of old, ... 212
Let children that would fear the Lord, . . 141
Let dogs delight to bark and bite, . . 222
Let not soft slumbers close my eyes, . . 216
Let the beasts their breath resign, . . 50
Little rain-drops feed the rill, ... 142
Little travellers Zion-ward, ... 162
Lo, at noon 'tis sudden night, ... 39
Long let the breathing music float, . . 205
Lord, before thy throne we stand, . . . 92
Lord, help us as we pray, ... 116
Lord, how delightful 'tis to see, . . . 120
Lord, I confess before thy face, . . . 65
Lord, I have passed another day, . . . 187
Lord, I would come to thee, ... 64
Lord, I would own thy tender care, . . . 74
Lord of the Sabbath, I rejoice, . . . 113
Lord, teach a little child to pray, . . . 173

PAGE.

Lord, teach a little child to pray, . . 73
Lord, to thy mercy-seat I come, . . . 76
Lord, what is life, 'tis like a flower, . . 149
Lord, when we bend before thy throne, . . 70
Lord, with redeeming mercy blest, . . 188
Maker of the Sabbath-day, ... 115
Mary to the Savior's tomb, . . . 111
May I a little pilgrim be, ... 84
Millions of children live and die, . . . 163
My Bible, 'tis a book divine, ... 99
My child, I fain would have thee know, . 140
My father and my friend, to thee, . . . 193
My God! how endless is thy love, . . 138
My God, permit my tongue, . . . 77
My God, thy service well demands, . . . 146
My heavenly Father, all I see, . . . 20
My sins are many, like the stars, . . . 93
My son, know thou the Lord, . . . 57
My soul, leave trifling now, ... 59
My years roll on and still I glide, . . 139
Night wraps the land where Jesus spoke, . . 167
Not Lebanon with all its trees, . . . 112
Now be the Gospel banner, ... 170
Now condescend, Almighty King, . . 189
Now I awake and see the light, . . . 172
Now if the Lord should say to me, . . 101
Now night is gone, ... 15
Now that my journey's just begun, . . 61
Now we hail the happy dawning, . . . 168
O for a heart to praise my God, . . . 89
Oft as the bell with solemn toll, . . . 152

PAGE.
Oft in vain the voice of truth, . . . 83
Oft may the voice that thou hast given, . . 335
O give thanks to him who made, . . . 33
O God, by whom the seed is given, . . . 192
O how my childhood runs to waste, . . 190
O let me die, for death is gain, ... 159
O Lord, another day is flown, . . . 137
O Lord our God, how wondrous great, . . 5
O Lord, through thy indulgent care, . . 183
O Lord, thy heavenly grace impart, . . . 103
Once more, O Lord, we bring, . . . 8
Once was heard the song of children, . . 11
One God I must worship supreme, . . 94
One there is above all others, ... 46
On the stormy ocean, ... 217
Open, Lord, our understanding, . . . 185
O thou, our Savior, meek and mild, . . 334
O that the Lord would guide my ways, . . 71
Our Father and our sovereign Lord, . . 133
O who are they that venture near, . . . 158
Parent of good, whose plenteous grace, . 195
Placed on the verge of youth, my mind, . . 209
Pleasing spring again is here, . . . 144
Quiet, Lord, my froward heart, . . . 68
Religion is the chief concern, . . . 45
Ringdove, resting benignly calm, . . 228
Roll on, thou mighty ocean, . . . 171
See the leaves around us falling, . . . 55
See the shining dew-drops, ... 12
See the soft green willows springing, . . 215

PAGE.
Serene I laid me down, ... 184
Sing we the song of those who stand, . . 10
Soon as my youthful lips can speak, . . 91
Soon will set the Sabbath sun, . . . 121
Stars that on your wondrous way, . . 14
Sweet it is to see a child, ... 221
Swift as the winged arrow flies, . . . 151
Tell, if thou canst, how yonder flower, . . 219
Tell me, Shepherd from above, . . . 63
The bird that soars on highest wing, . . 214
The curling waves with awful roar, . . . 213
The dew-drop on the green, . . . 210
The Lord our God is Lord of all, . . . 22
The morning hours of cheerful light, . . 218
The morning light is breaking, . . . 164
The praises of my tongue, ... 95
The Sabbath of the Lord, ... 126
The sun that lights the world shall fade, . . 153
There is a God that reigns above, . . 157
There is a glorious world of light, . . . 31
There is a path that leads to God, . . 54
There is beyond the sky, ... 156
There was a noble ark, ... 200
They say this world's a vale of tears, . . 53
This is the day when Christ arose, . . 114
Though I am now in younger days, . . 226
Thou guardian of our youthful days, . . 23
Thou who art enthroned above, . . . 125
Thou who didst with love and blessing, . 132

PAGE.
Through thy protecting care, ... 177
'Tis religion that can give, ... 42
To hear the Savior's word, ... 206
To-morrow, Lord, is thine, ... 148
To thee, in youth's bright morning, . . . 78
To thee, our Father and our Friend, . . 145
Two little pilgrims on their way, . . . 207
Up in the morning, up, my child, . . . 188
Wake the song of jubilee, ... 169
We come, we come, with loud acclaim, . 2
Welcome, welcome, dear Redeemer, . . 35
What are those soul-reviving strains, . . 1
What blest examples do I find, . . . 98
What is there, Lord, a child can do, . . 66
When blooming youth is snatched away, . . 155
When first the dove, afar and wide, . . 210
When little Samuel woke, ... 103
When shall the voice of singing, . . . 166
When to the house of God we go, . . . 119
When we disclose our wants in prayer, . 72
While drinking in the healthful air, . . 198
While in the tender years of youth, . . 40
Whither goest thou, pilgrim stranger, . . 211
Who formed the little sparrow, . . . 203
Who showed the little ant the way, . . . 231
Why should I say 'tis yet too soon, . . 154
With humble heart and tongue, . . . 69
Within these walls be peace, . . . 128
Ye hearts with youthful vigor warm, . . 47
Yes, I will bless thee, O my God, . . 9

INDEX OF SUBJECTS, OR TITLES.

Aid entreated, 60.
Ark and Dove, 200, 201.
Atonement, 106.
Autumn, 55.
Bell tolling, 152.
Bible, our guide, 95–97, 107.
  a book for *me*, 99.
Birds, example of, 228.
Birth-day hymn, 139.
Blessing sought, 175, 192.
Breathing after holiness, 71.
Children entering heaven, 162.
  assembling to praise, 2.
  invited, 38, 48, 52, 204.
  souls of, 163.
  addressing the Savior, 4.
Child, the dying, 205.
Child's confession, 62, 65, 66, 70, 93.
  prayer, 73, 172, 173, 174, 186.
  self-dedication, 64.
Child-like temper, 65, 68.
Church-bell, 232.
Christ, birth of, 21.
  children's friend, 23.
  poor, for our sakes, 26.
  inviting, 58.
  our example, 67.
  our High Priest, 100.
  miracles of, 105.
  his love, 203.
Commandments, 94.
Compassion, 202.
Contentment, 215.
Crucifixion, 39.
Cruelty, 221.
Darkness in Palestine, 167.
Day of life, 218.
Death, 157, 158, 159, 205.
  of the young, 154, 155.
Dew-drops, 210.
Early Piety, 43, 56, 57, 61, 69
  examples of, 98.
Earthly hopes deceitful, 83.
Eternity, 153.
Evening hymns, 137, 138, 186, 187, 188, 190, 191.
Family hymn, 134, 189.
  worship, 135, 136, 137, 138.
Fearing no evil, 53.
Friend above all others, 46.
Give me thy heart, 204.
Glad tidings, 51.
God all-seeing, 88.
  Creator of all, 16, 22.
  ever present, 87, 90.
  glorious, 3, 5.
  is ever good, 12.
  our Father, 179, 213.
  our strength, 104.
  our comforter, 53.
  praised by his works, 18, 231.
Good resolutions, 226.
Good Shepherd, 63.
Gospel banner, 170.
  successful, 164, 166.
Gratitude for instruction, 95.
Guiding star, 36.
Happiness, true, 102, 233.
Health, gratitude for, 197.
Heaven and hell, 31, 156.
Heavenly journey, 37.
  wisdom, 101.
Humility, 214.
Idleness, 223.
Infant praise, 178.

Instruction from the sky, 14.
Invitation to Jesus, 49, 50.
Jesus, names and offices, 34.
  loves a little child, 181.
  the Guide, 29.
Judgment, 160.
Life uncertain, 148, 149.
Lily of the valley, 220.
Little child, 225.
Little pilgrim, 84.
Looking to Jesus, 30.
Lord, remember me, 91.
Lord's prayer, 133.
Mary at Jesus' feet, 206.
  at the sepulchre, 110.
Meeting for charity, 142.
Mercy-seat, 76.
Missionary, 168, 169, 170, 171.
Morning hymns, 15, 136, 138, 172, 177, 180, 183, 185.
Mountains of Palestine, 112.
National blessings, 145.
Narrow path, 54.
New heart, 89.
Obedience, 141.
Orphan's hymn, 193.
Palestine, 112, 167.
Parent's prayer, 140.
Pearl, 227.
Pilgrimage, 79, 207, 211.
Praise for daily mercies, 74, 194.
  for creation and providence, 7, 20.
  for redemption, 18, 24.
  for the Sabbath, 115.
  invitation to, 8, 28.
  to the Giver of good, 33, 196.
  with those above, 10.
Prayer, 60, 174, 199.
  for a fixed heart, 103.
  for mercy, 65, 75.
  preparation for, 59, 176.
  to Christ, 82, 91.
Preparation for devotion, 116.
Public worship, 119.
Pure in heart, 81.
Quarrelling, 222.
Rainbow, 229.
Recovery from sickness, 148.
Redemption, praise for, 24.
Religion, 42, 45, 117.
Remember God, 40, 41.
Resignation, 80.
Sabbath, 113, 114, 115, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 125.
  morning, 113, 114, 124.
Sabbath-school, 126, 129.
  anniversary, 130.
  a mourning class, 131.
  hymn for teachers, 132.
Samuel, 108.
Savior died for me, 76.
Seamen, 217.
Seasons, 17.
Seeking God, 77, 201.
Self-dedication, 64.
Self-examination, 216
Sickness, recovery, 146, 182.
Singing, 234.
Snow-drop, 219.
Solomon's choice, 212.
Song of angels, 25.
  of the temple, 11.
Sparrow, 208.
Spring, 143, 144.
Storm, 13.
Submission, 72.
Suffer little children, 92.
Surrender, 35.
Teacher's hymn, 132.
Thanksgiving, 85.
Time's value, 147, 151.
To-day, 109.
Vanity, 224.
Walk, 19, 198.
Watch and pray, 161.
What is man? 27.
Young child, 173.
  musician's hymn, 235.
Youth and age, 78.
Youth entreated, 44, 47.
Youth's trials, 209.